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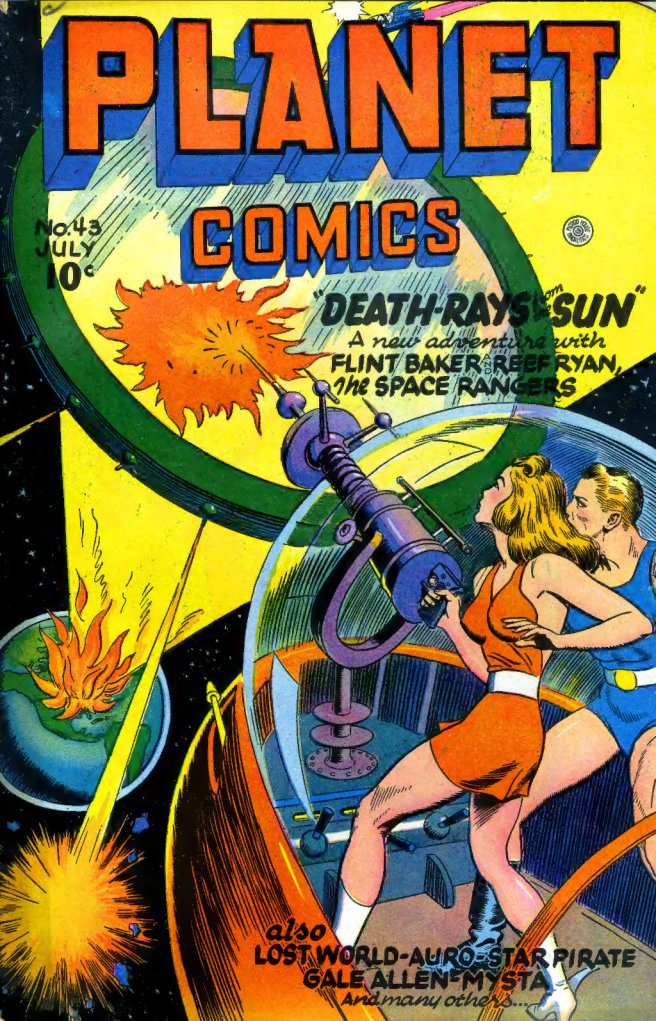
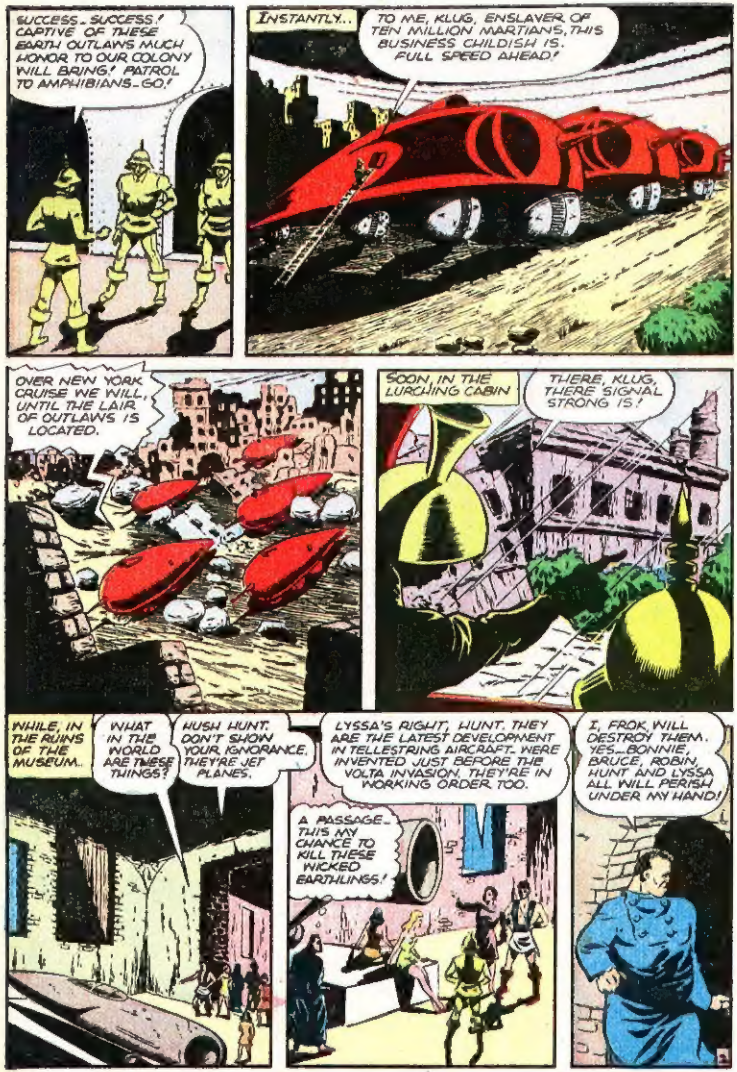
NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 44, SEPT.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 10th.


PLANET
COMICS
No. 43
JULY
10c
"DEATH-RAYS FROM THE SUN"
A new adventure with
FLINT BAKER AND REEF RYAN,
The SPACE RANGERS
also
LOST WORLD-AURO-STAR PIRATE
GALE ALLEN-MYSTA
And many others....

The LOST WORLD
BY THORNECLIFFE HERRICK
FROM MERCURY TO NEPTUNE ALL THE UNIVERSE LAYS PROSTRATE UNDER THE RULE OF THE RUTHLESS VOLTA MEN. ONLY ON EARTH DOES A FRAGMENT OF RESISTANCE LIVE ON. HERE WUNT BONMAN AND LYSSA STRIVE TO UNITE THE SURVIVORS... ORGANIZE RESISTANCE... BUT AMONG THEIR FOLLOWERS IS A TRAITOR!
L. Reale
THIS DETECTOR HELMET NOW YOU WEAR
IS FOR WHAT, KLUG?
FROK, OUR AGENT, A RADIO BUTTON WEARS. A VIBRATION FROM IT COMES, THE HELMET THOSE SIGNALS PICKS UP.
EXCELLENT PLAN IS.
HARK - SIGNAL CLEAR COMES. EARTH PARTY IN NEW YORK MUSEUM RUINS NOW IS.


SUCCESS - SUCCESS! CAPTIVE OF THESE EARTH OUTLAWS MUCH HONOR TO OUR COLONY WILL BRING! PATROL TO AMPHIBIANS - GO!
INSTANTLY...
TO ME, KLUG, ENSLAVER OF TEN MILLION MARTIANS, THIS BUSINESS CHILDISH IS. FULL SPEED AHEAD!
OVER NEW YORK CRUISE WE WILL, UNTIL THE LAIR OF OUTLAWS IS LOCATED.
SOON, IN THE LURCHING CABIN
THERE, KLUG, THERE SIGNAL STRONG IS!
WHILE, IN THE RUINS OF THE MUSEUM..
WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE THESE THINGS?
HUSH HUNT. DON'T SHOW YOUR IGNORANCE. THEY'RE JET PLANES.
LYSSA'S RIGHT, HUNT. THEY ARE THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN TELLESTRING AIRCRAFT - WERE INVENTED JUST BEFORE THE VOLTA INVASION. THEY'RE IN WORKING ORDER TOO.
A PASSAGE - THIS MY CHANCE TO KILL THESE WICKED EARTHLINGS!
I, FROK WILL DESTROY THEM. YES - BONNIE, BRUCE, ROBIN, HUNT AND LYSSA ALL WILL PERISH UNDER MY HAND!

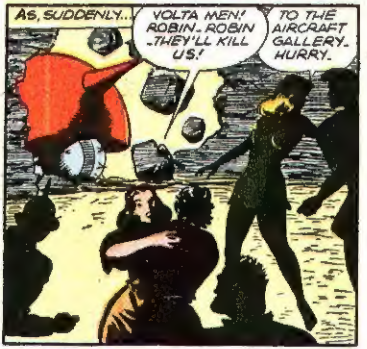
AH, JUST WHAT I NEED_I'LL SHOW 'EM_FROK'LL SHOW 'EM!
WOOD, PLENTY OF IT_AND DRY TOO. IT'LL MAKE A NICE FIRE_A VERY NICE FIRE.
MEANWHILE, AT THE BASEMENT ENTRANCE...
THIS WAY, MEN, THE SIGNAL STRONG GROWS!
AS AHEAD...
AH, THE WOOD TAKES FIRE_I MUST HURRY AWAY.
THE FOOLISH EARTH PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED ABOVE. THEY'LL DIE_THEY'LL DIE!
WHILE OVERHEAD, IN THE AIRCRAFT GALLERY...
JET PLANES ARE EASY TO FLY_WHAT'S THAT?
THE FIRE CONTROL DOOR_IT'S CLOSING!
AND BELOW...
FIRE BEHIND US_LEAVE WE MUST_THAT DOOR_LOOK!
IN OUR FACES IT SHUT_BACK_BACK WE RUN_OHHH!
BUT THE DEADLY GASES INTENDED TO PUT OUT THE FLAMES AUTOMATICALLY SPURT FORTH!

I HAVE FAILED. THE FIRE DIES OUT! NO MATTER, I'LL REJOIN THE FOOLS. ANOTHER CHANCE TO KILL THEM WILL COME SOON.

IT'S ME, FROK, -WHY DO YOU DRAW YOUR BOW, HUNT?
DID YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT DOOR CLOSING. SPEAK!

WHY NO. I'VE BEEN. ER. UPSTAIRS. WHY. IT'S OPENING!
YES. THE FIRE MUST BE OUT. COME WE'LL SEE.

GOOD HEAVENS. VOLTA MEN. KILLED BY THE GAS FROM THE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS! BUT HOW DID THEY TRACE US?
HUNT. LOOK!
FROK. I WONDER IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH?


AS, SUDDENLY...
VOLTA MEN! ROBIN. ROBIN. THEY'LL KILL US!
TO THE AIRCRAFT GALLERY. HURRY.

ROBIN. YOU'RE OUR ONLY CHANCE. CAN YOU FLY A JET PLANE?
OF COURSE HE CAN. COME ON!

ALL TOGETHER NOW. PUSH. WE'LL POINT IT TO THAT HOLE. THAT'S IT. CLIMB ABOARD EVERYBODY!

SECONDS LATER..
THERE LOOK- THERE LOOK- EARTHLINGS ESCAPE MAKE!
PATROL THREE ALERT- THAT OUT-MODED PLANE FOLLOW- THEM. CATCH- CATCH- CATCH!
INSTANTLY..
WE OBEY, KLUG- WE THEM OVERTAKE WILL!
ON ACROSS THE ATLANTIC- OVER DEVASTATED EUROPE, THE JET PLANE DARTS...
WHEN SUDDENLY..
BEHIND US, HUNT, LOOK- A VOLTA SHIP!
MUST TELL ROBIN- QUICK!
SPEED- MORE SPEED, ROBIN- THEY'RE GAINING!
HOLD ON, EVERYONE- THEY'RE SHOOTING!

AS FROM THE VOLTA SHIP, A RAY BOLT THUNDERS...
A CLEAN MISS- LAND, ROBIN- OUR ONLY CHANCE!
I'LL TRY- HERE THEY COME AGAIN!
IDIOT OF A GUNNER- THIS TIME NO MISTAKE MAKE THEY TO LAND SPIRAL!
DESPERATELY, THE JET PLANE DARTS EARTHWARD...
BUT
LOOK, CAPTAIN, A PERFECT HIT- THEY FALL!
IN A WHIRL OF FLAME, THE JET SHIP PLUNGES DOWNWARD.
INSIDE THE PLANE...
BRACE YOURSELVES. HOLD ON!
WE WIN- WE WIN- A CONVENIENT LANDING SPOT PICK- BACK TO OUR BROTHERS THEIR BODIES WE WILL TAKE

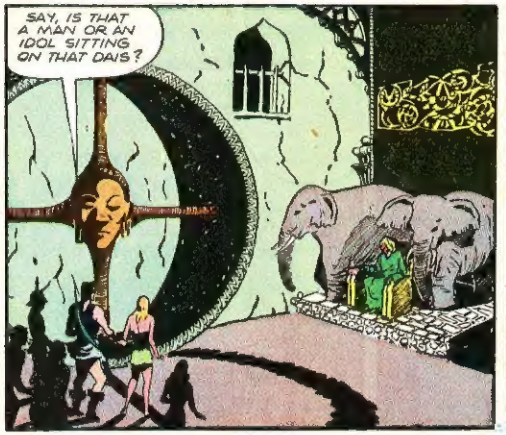
BUT
OUT OF MY WAY- LET ME OUT!

HOLD EVERYTHING, FROK. LADIES FIRST, YOU KNOW!
BUT WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE- I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

SOON...
POOR FROK, HE WAS SCARED TO DEATH. SAY, LOOK THERE.
WHY- IT- IT'S A TEMPLE- WE'RE IN INDIA. HEY, GANG- FOLLOW US!

WELL, FOLKS, NO ONE HERE- WE'LL MAKE OURSELVES AT HOME.

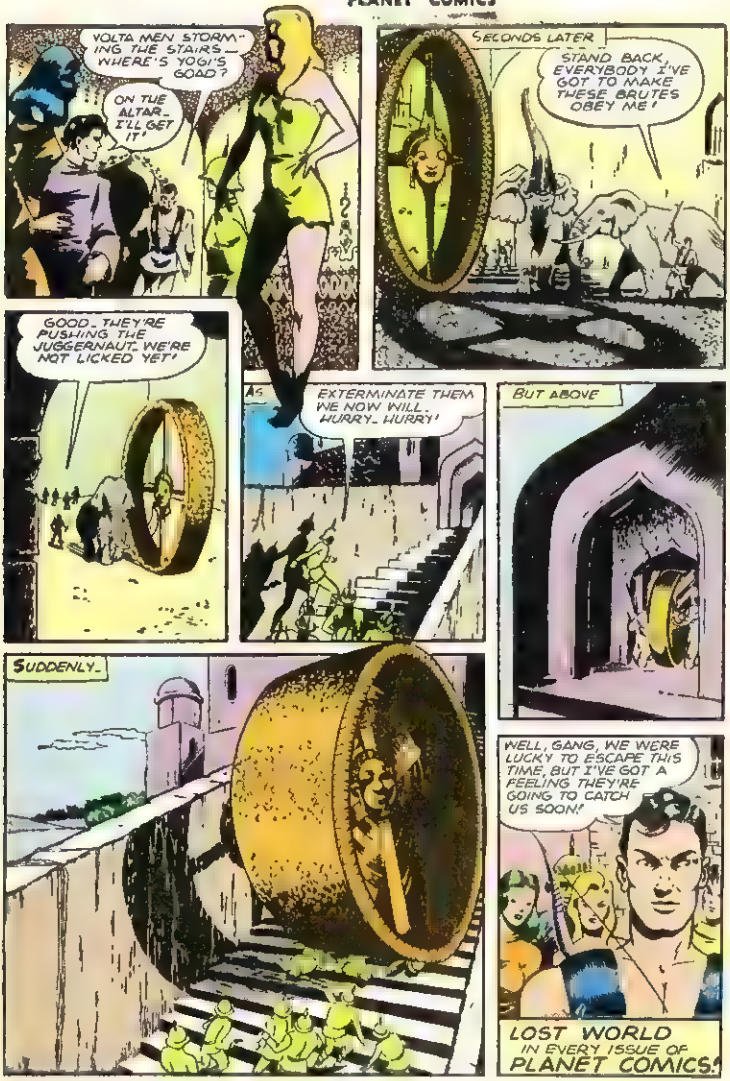
SHHH- IT'S A SPOOKY PLACE- WHAT'S THAT THING?
I KNOW, I READ ABOUT 'EM- IT'S A JUGGERNAUT THE WINDUS WORSHIP IT.


SAY, IS THAT A MAN OR AN IDOL SITTING ON THAT DAIS?

A MAN, STRANGERS, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A GREAT RACE. A RACE EXTERMINATED BY THOSE CURSED VOLTA DEVILS! BUT COME- I THE YOGI OF CALCUTTA, EXTEND MY HOSPITALITY TO YOU FELLOW EARTHLINGS!

YOUR FRIEND WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE JUGGERNAUT. MY PEOPLE WORSHIPED IT- PULLED IT THROUGH THE STREETS ON HOLY DAYS. BUT NOW THEY ARE ALL DEAD.
NO ONE ALIVE HERE BUT YOU?
NO, NO, I HAVE MY ELEPHANTS AND THEY OBEY THIS, MY SACRED GOAD.
WHILE...
CAPTAIN, THE DETECTOR SIGNALS THE WEARER AND HIS PARTY STILL LIVE.
LEAD ON THEN- WE WILL FIND THEM WHEREVER THEY ARE!
AS...
SOMETHING THE MATTER, YOGI?
THERE IS EVIL HERE- STRANGE EVIL- WAIT.
WHAT COULD HE MEAN? WHY- HE'S FOLLOWING FROK...
THE EVIL GROWS BLACKER IN MY MIND- AH- SO I WAS RIGHT.
GOOD- IT IS MY VOLTA FRIENDS- I'LL SIGNAL WHERE WE ARE. WHAT'S THAT!
YOU- YOU SAW ME! YOGI, I'LL KILL YOU- I'LL... OHHH!
TRAITOR- LOOK- LOOK- A SLIMY THING CREEPS TOWARD YOU- NOW IT STRIKES!

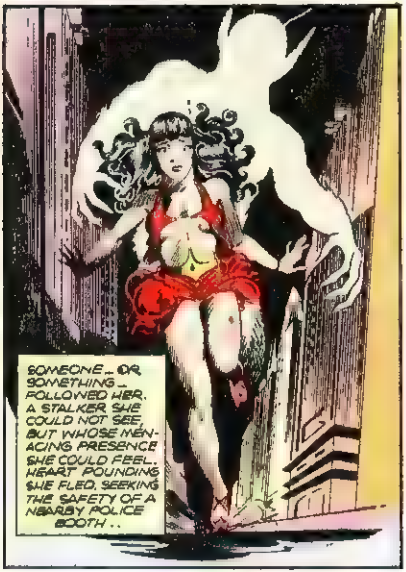
INSTANTLY
A SNAKE.. IT'S STRANGLING ME.. STINGING ME.. I'LL DIE.. I'LL DIE!
BUT IT'S GONE.. YOU DID THAT.. HYPNOTIZED ME.. I'LL KILL YOU.. I'LL KILL YOU!
HE HAS BROKEN THE SPELL.. HE IS CRAZY MAD!
FROK.. FROK.. STOP!
YOU'LL NEVER PLAY ANOTHER MAGIC TRICK ON ME.. NEVER TELL YOU SAW ME SIGNAL MY VOLTA FRIENDS.. NEVER!
OHHH!
TURN AROUND, YOU SLIMY SPY.. I'M GOING TO KILL YOU THE SAME AS YOU KILLED YOGI!
DON'T.. DON'T.. DON'T!
I DIDN'T DO IT, HUNT.. I DIDN'T..
LIES.. LIES.. I SAW YOU KILL HIM!
AS BELOW..
LOOK.. LOOK.. FROK IT IS!
THE EARTHLINGS HIM KILLED.. IN TEMPLE THEY ARE.. CHARGE!

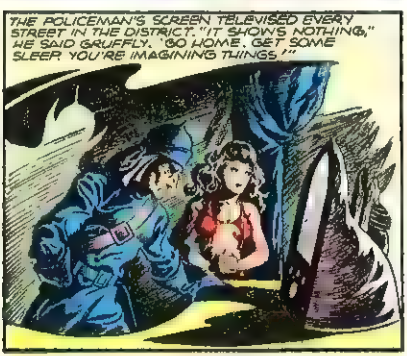

VOLTA MEN STORMING THE STAIRS— WHERE'S YOGI'S GOAD?
ON THE ALTAR— I'LL GET IT!
SECONDS LATER
STAND BACK, EVERYBODY I'VE GOT TO MAKE THESE BRUTES OBEY ME!
GOOD— THEY'RE PUSHING THE JUGGERNAUT. WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!
AS
EXTERMINATE THEM WE NOW WILL. HURRY— HURRY!
BUT ABOVE
SUDDENLY—
WELL, GANG, WE WERE LUCKY TO ESCAPE THIS TIME, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING THEY'RE GOING TO CATCH US SOON!
LOST WORLD IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

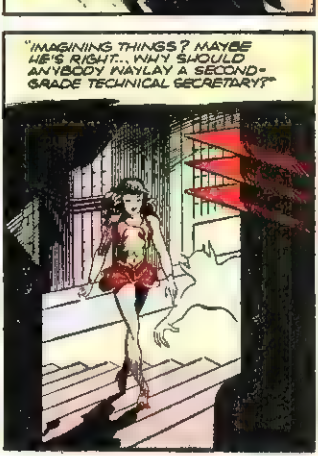
Futura

by JOHN DOUGLAS

TERROR, BLIND, REASONLESS TERROR, MARCIA REYNOLDS FELT IT THAT EVENING AS SHE CAME HOME FROM WORK. ONE MINUTE SHE WAS JUST AN AVERAGE GIRL, WALKING DOWN A FAMILIAR STREET IN TITAN CITY.. AND THEN SHE WAS SWEPT INTO A WIERD FANTASY OF HORROR...

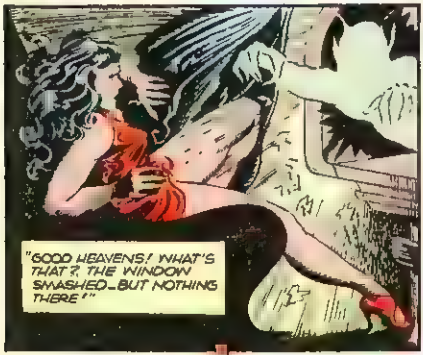

SOMEONE.. OR SOMETHING.. FOLLOWED HER. A STALKER SHE COULD NOT SEE, BUT WHOSE MENACING PRESENCE SHE COULD FEEL. HEART POUNDING SHE FLED, SEEKING THE SAFETY OF A NEARBY POLICE BOOTH..

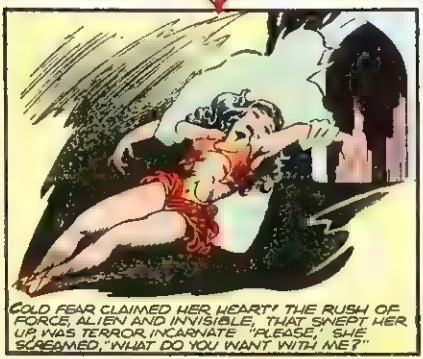

THE POLICEMAN'S SCREEN TELEVISED EVERY STREET IN THE DISTRICT. "IT SHOWS NOTHING," HE SAID GRUFFLY. "GO HOME. GET SOME SLEEP. YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS."

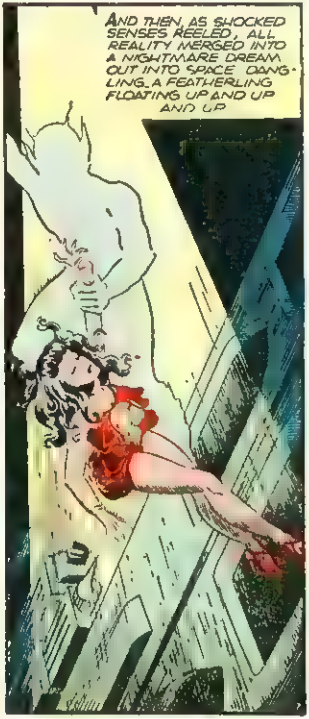


"NO MONEY NO FAMILY ONLY A NORM-PLUS RATING IN INTELLIGENCE QUOTA, ENERGO-EFFICIENCY AND MATING POTENTIAL.. WHO'D BE AFTER ME?"

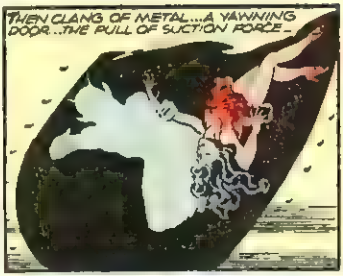
HAUNTS AND HOB-GOBLINGS...NONSENSE THIS IS TITAN, MOST CIVILIZED CITY OF EARTH. THIS IS THE 21ST CENTURY, NOT THE DARK AGES..."

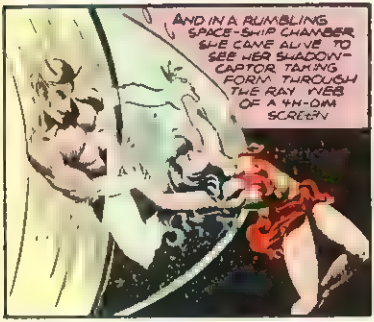

"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT? THE WINDOW SMASHED...BUT NOTHING THERE!"


COLD FEAR CLAIMED HER HEART! THE RUSH OF FORCE, ALIEN AND INVISIBLE, THAT SWEPT HER UP WAS TERROR INCARNATE "PLEASE," SHE SCREAMED, "WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?"

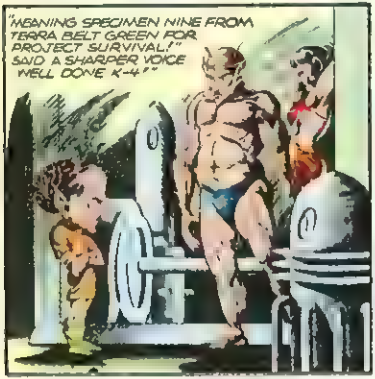

AND THEN, AS SHOCKED SENSES REELED, ALL REALITY MERGED INTO A NIGHTMARE DREAM, OUT INTO SPACE DANGLING...A FEATHERLING FLOATING UP AND UP AND UP

HIGHER, HIGHER, TWO MOTES IN A CONE OF MAGNETIC LIGHT THAT DRIVEN THEM ON BEYOND THE EARTH TIDES INTO THE VOID WHERE A STRANGE HULK LOOMED

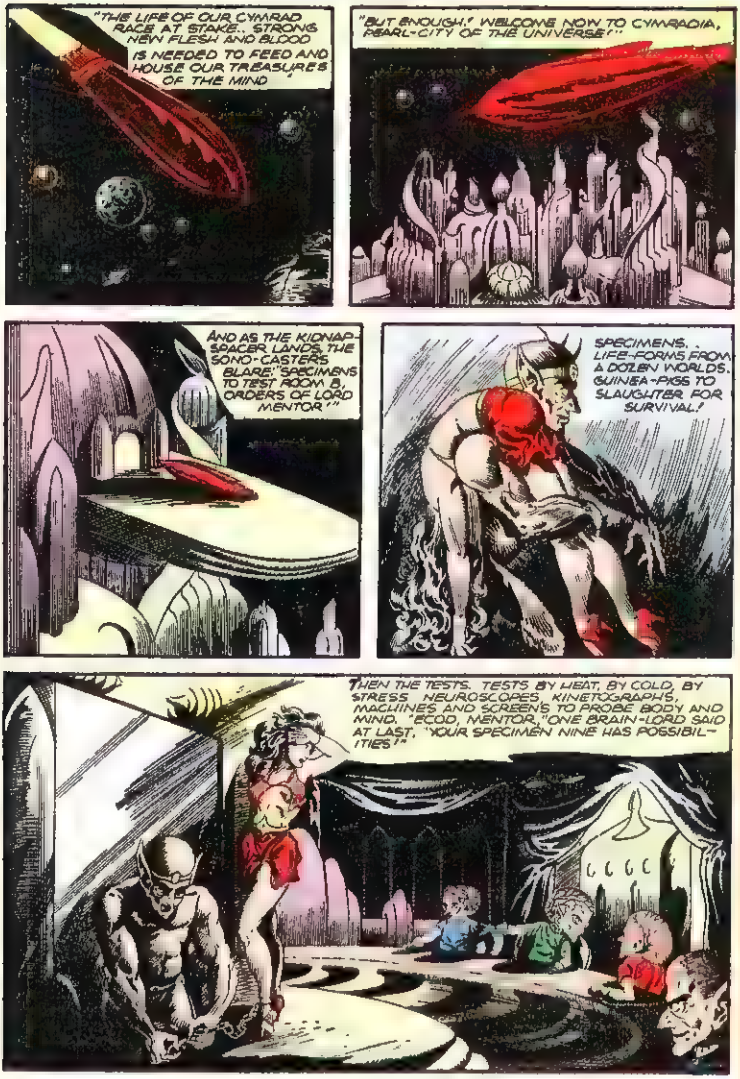

THEN CLANG OF METAL...A YAWNING DOOR..THE PULL OF SUCTION FORCE-


AND IN A RUMBLING SPACE-SHIP CHAMBER SHE CAME ALIVE TO SEE HER SHADOW-CAPTOR TAKING FORM THROUGH THE RAY WEB OF A 4H-DIM SCREEN

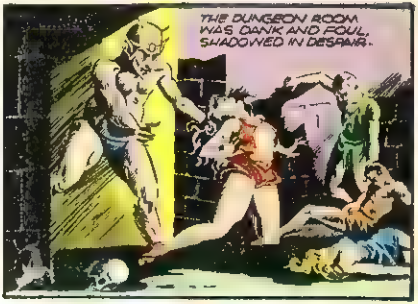
"SPESH-NY" HE CROAKED." TERR BELL GREE, POJEK SURR-VAL... WEE-WEE-WEE!"


"MEANING SPECIMEN NINE FROM TERRA BELT GREEN FOR PROJECT SURVIVAL!" SAID A SHARPER VOICE "WELL DONE K-4!"

"NOW HOME!" HE SAID..."AND IF YOU FIND OUR METHODS RUTHLESS, SPECIMEN NINE, IT IS BECAUSE OUR NEEDS ARE DESPERATE."


"THE LIFE OF OUR CYMRAD RACE AT STAKE.. STRONG NEW FLESH AND BLOOD IS NEEDED TO FEED AND HOUSE OUR TREASURES OF THE MIND
"BUT ENOUGH! WELCOME NOW TO CYMRADIA, PEARL-CITY OF THE UNIVERSE!"
AND AS THE KIDNAP-SPACER LANDS, THE SONO-CASTERS BLARE: "SPECIMENS TO TEST ROOM 8, ORDERS OF LORD MENTOR!"
SPECIMENS.. LIFE-FORMS FROM A DOZEN WORLDS. GUINEA-PIGS TO SLAUGHTER FOR SURVIVAL!
THEN THE TESTS. TESTS BY HEAT, BY COLD, BY STRESS. NEUROSCOPES, KINETOGRAPHS, MACHINES AND SCREENS TO PROBE BODY AND MIND. "ECOD, MENTOR," ONE BRAIN-LORD SAID AT LAST, "YOUR SPECIMEN NINE HAS POSSIBIL-ITIES!"

"YES," MENTOR PURRED. "GIVE HER A BASE-TAB OF 113 AND MARK HER LAB NAME AS 'FUTURA.' TAKE HER AWAY, K-4!"

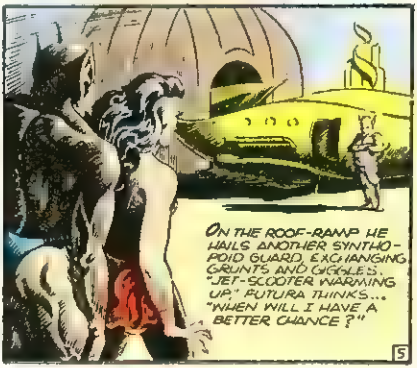

THE DUNGEON ROOM WAS DANK AND FOUL, SHADOWED IN DESPAIR.

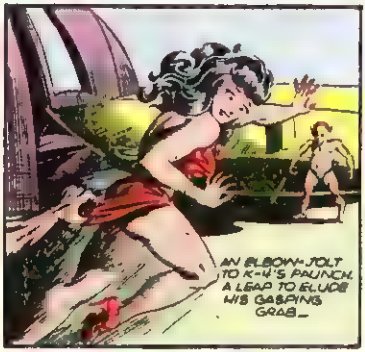
BUT SOON THE NEWLY-NAMED FUTURA, WHISPERING THE MAGIC WORD, "ESCAPE!", WAS THE CENTER OF AN EAGER, CAPTIVE GROUP...

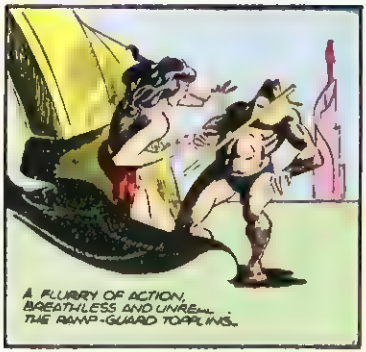
"HA!" THE SPYING MENTOR CROAKED. "SHE HAS LEADERSHIP POTENTIAL AS WELL! WHY DELAY HER FINAL TEST?"

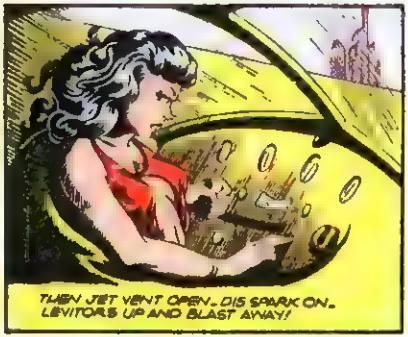
"ADJUST TO MY THOUGHT-BEAM ONLY," HE ORDERED. "SPECIAL TEST, CODE COURAGE, FOR SPECIMEN NINE!"

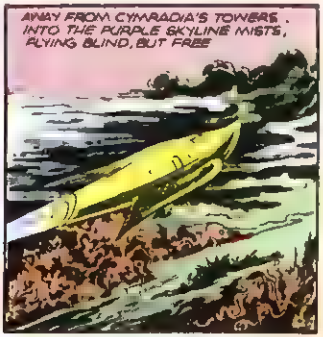
THE SATYR-LIKE SERF, MORE ROBOT THAN HUMAN, MOVES TO LORD MENTOR'S COMMANDS

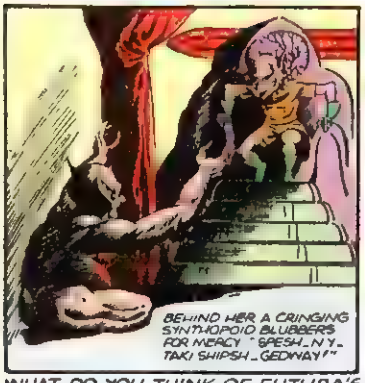

ON THE ROOF-RAMP HE HAILS ANOTHER SYNTHO-FOID GUARD, EXCHANGING GRUNTS AND GIGGLES. "JET-SCOOTER WARMING UP," FUTURA THINKS... "WHEN WILL I HAVE A BETTER CHANCE?"











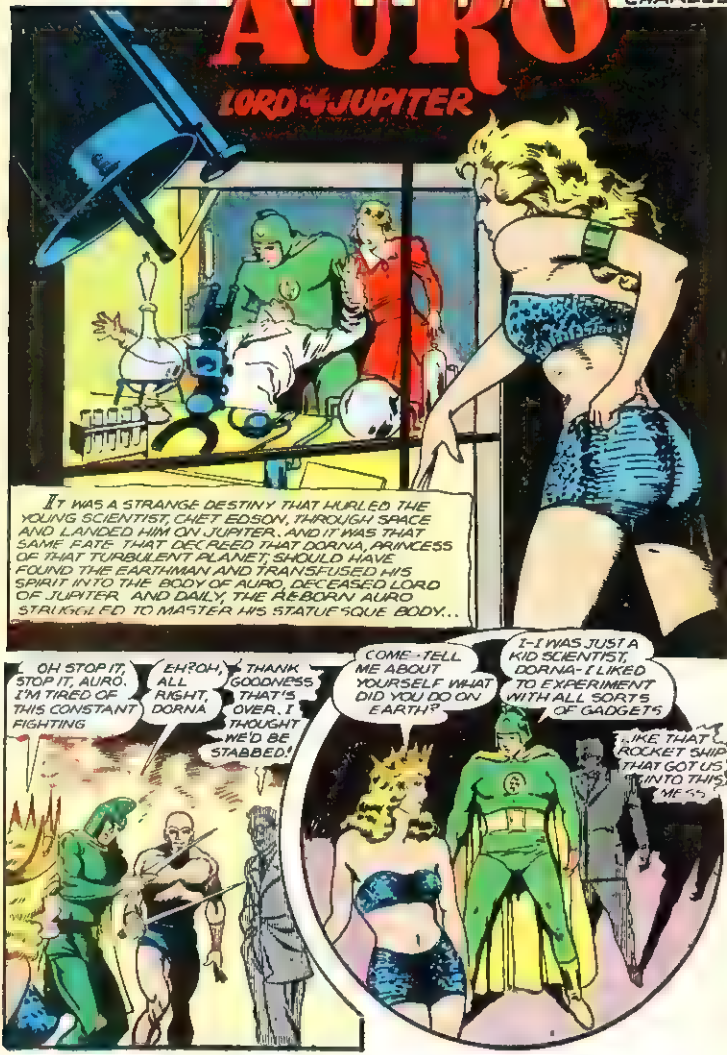
"EXACTLY AS ARRANGED," SAID MENTOR, TURNING TO HIS TELE-SCREEN "NO EARTHLING HAS YET SURVIVED THIS TEST BUT PERHAPS HEE-HEE-SHE'LL SURPRISE ME!"

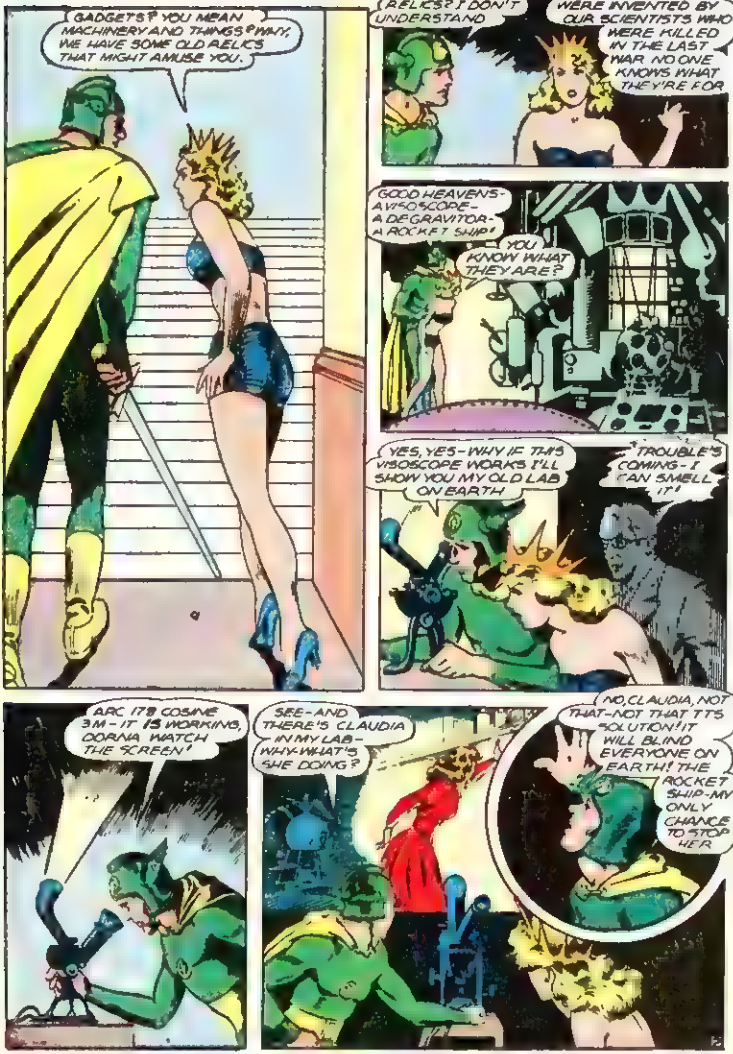
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF FUTURA'S CHANCES? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF FUTURA? WILL YOU SEND A POSTCARD TO LET US KNOW ???

AURO

LORD of JUPITER

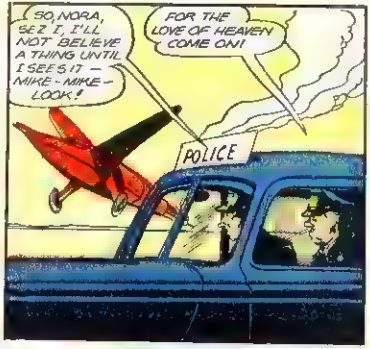
by DICK CHARLES


IT WAS A STRANGE DESTINY THAT HURLED THE YOUNG SCIENTIST, CHET EDSON, THROUGH SPACE AND LANDED HIM ON JUPITER. AND IT WAS THAT SAME FATE THAT DECREED THAT DORNA, PRINCESS OF THAT TURBULENT PLANET, SHOULD HAVE FOUND THE EARTHMAN AND TRANSFUSED HIS SPIRIT INTO THE BODY OF AURO, DECEASED LORD OF JUPITER AND DAILY, THE REBORN AURO STRUGGLED TO MASTER HIS STATUESQUE BODY...
OH STOP IT, STOP IT, AURO. I'M TIRED OF THIS CONSTANT FIGHTING
EH? OH, ALL RIGHT, DORNA.
THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER. I THOUGHT WE'D BE STABBED!
COME - TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF. WHAT DID YOU DO ON EARTH?
I-I WAS JUST A KID SCIENTIST, DORNA - I LIKED TO EXPERIMENT WITH ALL SORTS OF GADGETS
LIKE THAT ROCKET SHIP THAT GOT US INTO THIS MESS

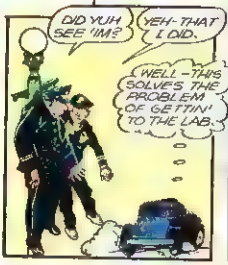

GADGETS? YOU MEAN MACHINERY AND THINGS? WHY, WE HAVE SOME OLD RELICS THAT MIGHT AMUSE YOU.
RELICS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND
THESE THINGS WERE INVENTED BY OUR SCIENTISTS WHO WERE KILLED IN THE LAST WAR NO ONE KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE FOR
GOOD HEAVENS- A VISOSCOPE- A DEGRAVITOR- A ROCKET SHIP!
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY ARE?
YES, YES- WHY IF THIS VISOSCOPE WORKS I'LL SHOW YOU MY OLD LAB ON EARTH
TROUBLE'S COMING- I CAN SMELL IT!
ARC 178 COSINE 3M- IT IS WORKING, DORNA WATCH THE SCREEN!
SEE- AND THERE'S CLAUDIA IN MY LAB- WHY- WHAT'S SHE DOING?
NO, CLAUDIA, NOT THAT- NOT THAT TTS SOLUTION! IT WILL BLIND EVERYONE ON EARTH! THE ROCKET SHIP- MY ONLY CHANCE TO STOP HER

MINUTES LATER
GOOD, TAKE ALL THE PARTS OUTSIDE - I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO ASSEMBLE THEM.
AND SOON
IT'S FINISHED, DORNA NOW I MUST GO TO AJDIA
FIRST YOU MUST TALK TO THE THREE DOCTORS WHO TRANSFERRED YOUR SPIRIT INTO AURO'S BODY. HERE THEY COME
YES, LORD AURO WE MUST WARN YOU
YOU WISH TO SEE ME GENTLEMEN?
THAT BECAUSE OF THE DIFFERENCE IN ATMOSPHERE
YOU CAN LIVE BUT THREE HOURS ON EARTH!
BUT
THREE HOURS THEY GAVE ME, DORNA - I CAN SAVE EARTH IN THREE HOURS
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SHOWN YOU THE RELICS THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN
BUT THANK HEAVENS YOU DID DORNA GOODBYE
LET'S GET GOING - I WANT TO GET DOWN TO EARTH!
WATCH THE TIME, AURO - REMEMBER, ONLY THREE HOURS
'S GONE T'LL GO BACK TO THE VESSEL OBSERVE AND WATCH HER
LATER
CAN'T WASTE TIME, GOT TO LAND NEAR CENTERVILLE

WE MADE IT, OLD MAN - GOSH, IT LOOKS GOOD!
THE OLD AIRPORT JUST THE PLACE FOR A LANDING.

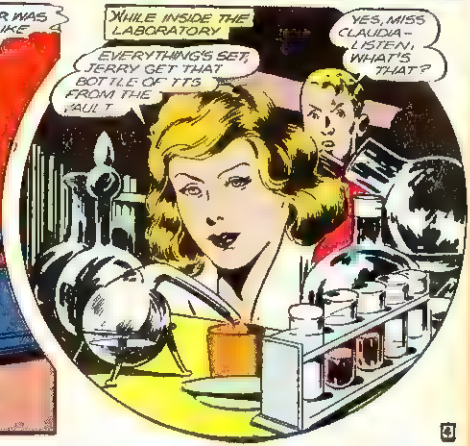

SO, NORA, SEZ I, I'LL NOT BELIEVE A THING UNTIL I SEES IT — MIKE - MIKE - LOOK!
FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN COME ON!
POLICE

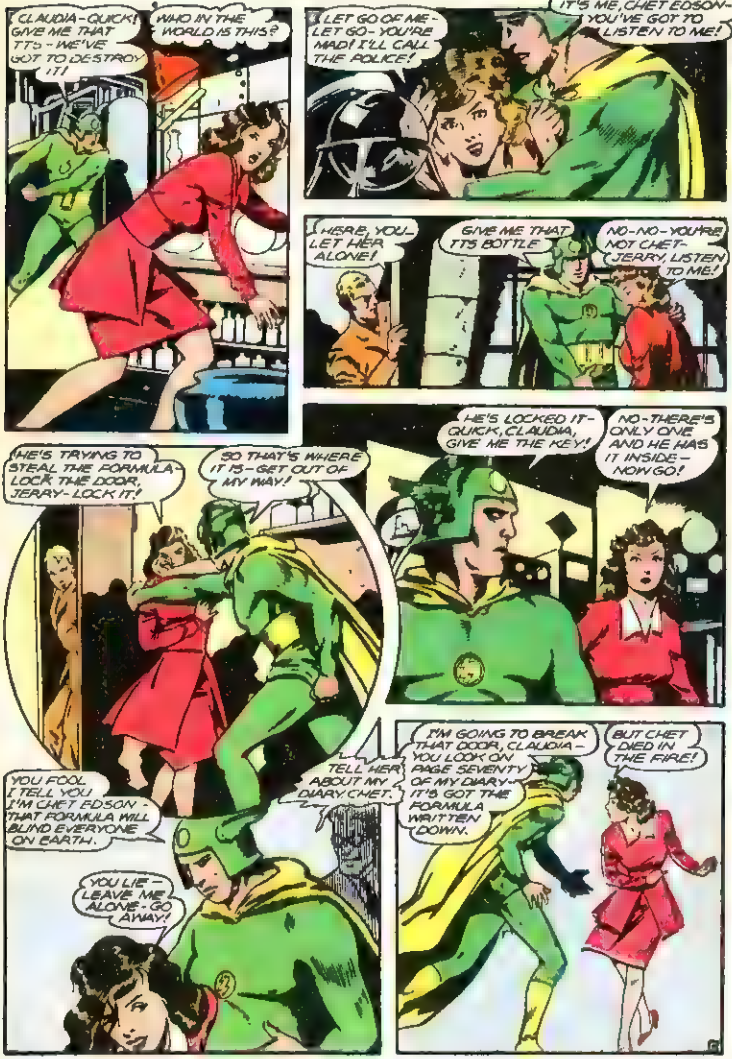
IT'S OLD MIKE AND BARNEY.
MAN OR DEVIL BE YE - STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
NO TIME TO ARGUE

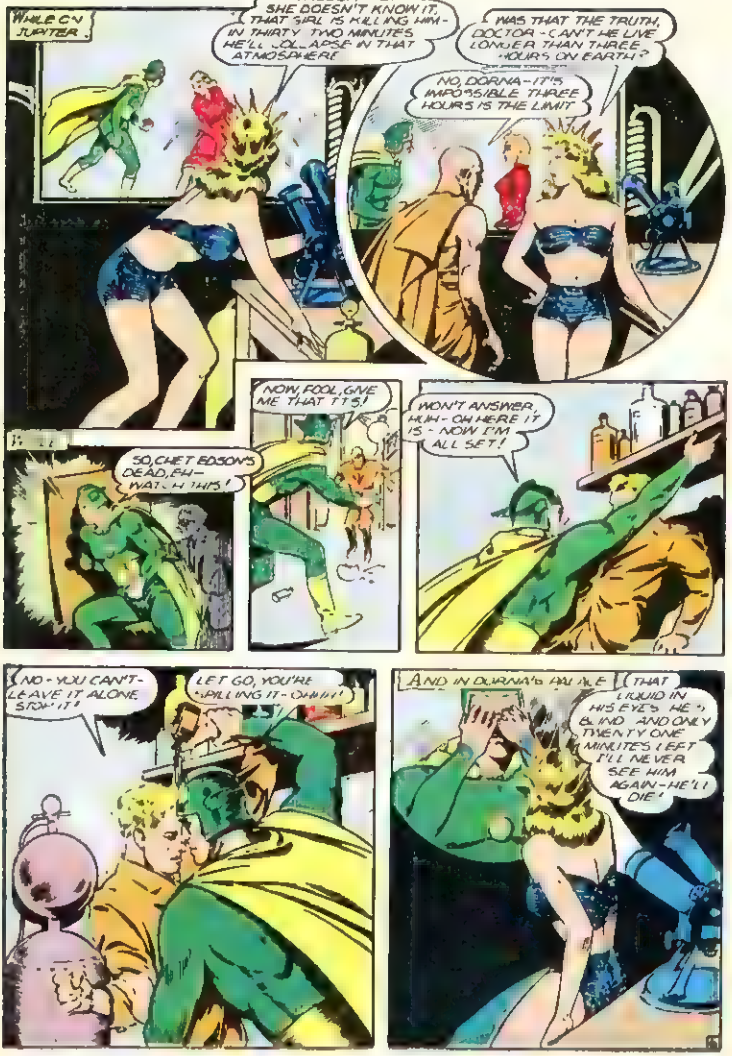

DID YUH SEE 'IM?
YEH - THAT I DID.
WELL - THIS SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF GETTIN' TO THE LAB.

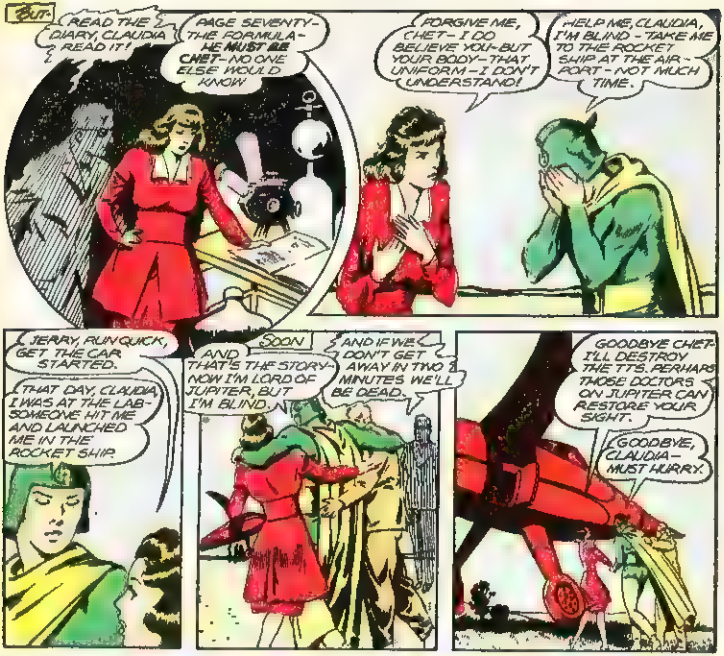
LOOK OUT! THAT TRUCK - YOU'LL KILL US!
WONDER IF CLAUDIA WILL RECOGNIZE ME?

I'M IN LUCK - SHE HASN'T STARTED HER EXPERIMENT WITH THE TTS YET
JUPITER WAS NEVER LIKE THIS


WHILE INSIDE THE LABORATORY
YES, MISS CLAUDIA - LISTEN, WHAT'S THAT?
EVERYTHING'S SET, JERRY GET THAT BOTTLE OF TTS FROM THE VAULT


CLAUDIA - QUICK! GIVE ME THAT TT'S - WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT!
WHO IN THE WORLD IS THIS?
LET GO OF ME - LET GO - YOU'RE MAD! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
CLAUDIA, DARLING, IT'S ME, CHET EDSON - YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME!
HERB, YOU LET HER ALONE!
GIVE ME THAT TT'S BOTTLE
NO - NO - YOU'RE NOT CHET - JERRY, LISTEN TO ME!
HE'S TRYING TO STEAL THE FORMULA - LOCK THE DOOR, JERRY - LOCK IT!
SO THAT'S WHERE IT IS - GET OUT OF MY WAY!
HE'S LOCKED IT - QUICK, CLAUDIA, GIVE ME THE KEY!
NO - THERE'S ONLY ONE AND HE HAS IT INSIDE - NOW GO!
YOU FOOL I TELL YOU I'M CHET EDSON - THAT FORMULA WILL BLIND EVERYONE ON EARTH.
TELL HER ABOUT MY DIARY CHET.
YOU LIE - LEAVE ME ALONE - GO AWAY!
I'M GOING TO BREAK THAT DOOR, CLAUDIA - YOU LOOK ON PAGE SEVENTY OF MY DIARY - IT'S GOT THE FORMULA WRITTEN DOWN.
BUT CHET DIED IN THE FIRE!


WHILE ON JUPITER...
THOUGH SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT, THAT GIRL IS KILLING HIM - IN THIRTY TWO MINUTES HE'LL COLLAPSE IN THAT ATMOSPHERE
WAS THAT THE TRUTH, DOCTOR - CAN'T HE LIVE LONGER THAN THREE HOURS ON EARTH?
NO, DORNA - IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THREE HOURS IS THE LIMIT.
SO, CHET EDSON'S DEAD, EH - WAIT - H THIS!
NOW, FOOL, GIVE ME THAT IT'S!
WON'T ANSWER, HUH - OH HERE IT IS - NOW I'M ALL SET!
NO - YOU CAN'T - LEAVE IT ALONE STOP IT!
LET GO, YOU'RE SPILLING IT - OHHH!
AND IN DORNA'S APARTMENT
THAT LIQUID IN HIS EYES - HE'S BLIND AND ONLY TWENTY ONE MINUTES LEFT I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN - HE'LL DIE!


BUT-
READ THE DIARY, CLAUDIA READ IT!
PAGE SEVENTY-THE FORMULA-HE MUST BE CHET-NO ONE ELSE WOULD KNOW
FORGIVE ME, CHET-I DO BELIEVE YOU-BUT YOUR BODY-THAT UNIFORM-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
HELP ME, CLAUDIA, I'M BLIND-TAKE ME TO THE ROCKET SHIP AT THE AIR-PORT-NOT MUCH TIME.
JERRY, RUN QUICK, GET THE CAR STARTED.
THAT DAY, CLAUDIA, I WAS AT THE LAB-SOMEONE HIT ME AND LAUNCHED ME IN THE ROCKET SHIP.
AND THAT'S THE STORY-NOW I'M LORD OF JUPITER, BUT I'M BLIND.
SOON
AND IF WE DON'T GET AWAY IN TWO MINUTES WE'LL BE DEAD.
GOODBYE CHET-I'LL DESTROY THE TTS. PERHAPS THOSE DOCTORS ON JUPITER CAN RESTORE YOUR SIGHT.
GOODBYE, CLAUDIA-MUST HURRY.
THERE HE GOES, CHET EDISON-NOW LORD OF JUPITER. I WONDER IF I WILL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN?
WHILE
HE WON-HE GOT OFF ON TIME-BUT HE'S BLIND-I PRAY OUR DOCTORS CAN HELP HIM!
AUGUST M. FROEHLICH

AURO IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!!

Life on other Worlds

EXPLORING HIS SOLAR SYSTEM HOME, THE MAN OF TOMORROW VISITS MERCURY, SMALLEST AND MOST FASCINATING OF THE MAJOR GLOBES. THIS TINY WORLD 3000 MILES IN DIAMETER, IS THE SUN'S NEAREST NEIGHBOR, BEING SEPARATED BY A MERE 36,000,000 MILES — LITTLE ENOUGH CONSIDERING THE SPACE THAT LIES BETWEEN OTHERS IN THE SOLAR FAMILY. JUST AS THE MOON REVOLVES ABOUT THE EARTH SO DOES MERCURY ABOUT THE SUN. ONE PART IS CONSTANTLY EXPOSED TO THE HEAT OF THE SUN'S RAYS, WHILE THE OTHER - THE TWILIGHT ZONE - HAS A CLIMATE NOT UNLIKE THAT OF EARTH

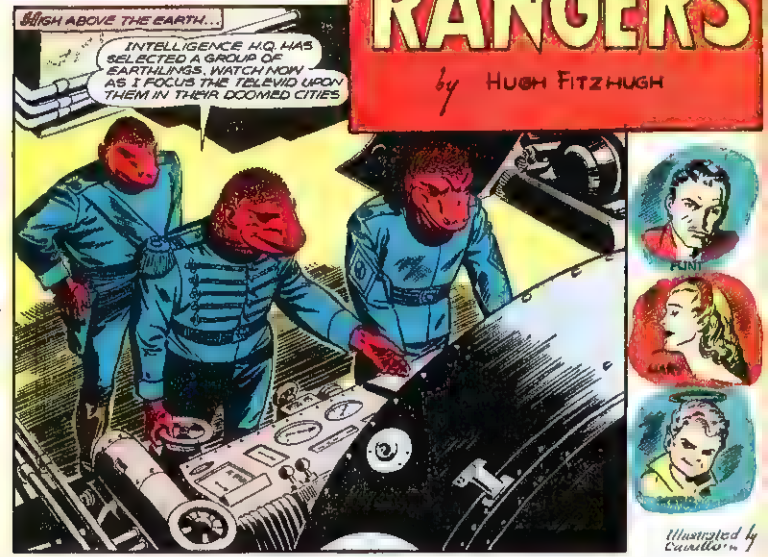
TOWARD MERCURY HURTLE VALIANT EARTHMEN ON A FLIGHT OF EXPLORATION
AND LATER HOVER OVER THE RUINS AND INTENSE HEAT OF THE MYSTERY PLANET...
THEY LAND IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE, BUT INSTANTLY, OUT OF NOWHERE...
THIS'LL HOLD IT! THE CAMERA, QUICK, JANE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! HAVE YOU GOT THE PICTURES?
SURE THING!
AND NOW, BACK TO EARTH!
I WOULDN'T CARE TO RUN INTO ANOTHER OF THOSE FELLOWS!
ME EITHER! IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING FROM A COMIC BOOK!

NEXT ISSUE - LIFE ON PLUTO - MYSTERY PLANET!!

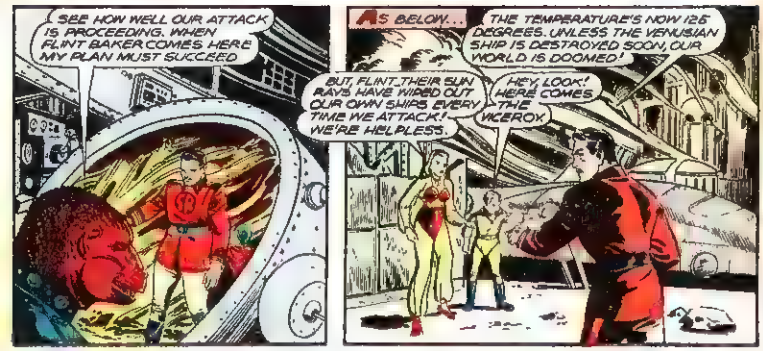
SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

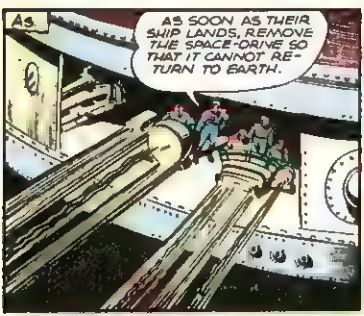
OUT OF THE NETHERMOST DEPTHS OF SPACE COMES A FLAMING MENACE TO EARTH. FLINT BAKER COULD SAVE THE WORLD, BUT HE WAS HELPLESS, DEFENSELESS, ALONE — ON A DERELICT SHIP DRIFTING AIMLESSLY ON IN THE TRACKLESS EXPANSE OF SPACE!

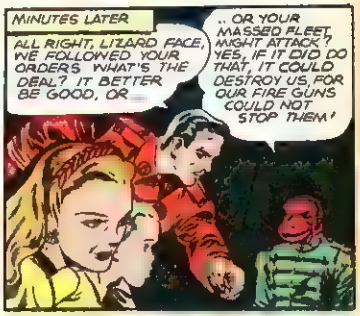

HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH...
INTELLIGENCE H.Q. HAS SELECTED A GROUP OF EARTHLINGS. WATCH NOW — AS I FOCUS THE TELEVID UPON THEM IN THEIR DOOMED CITIES
FLINT

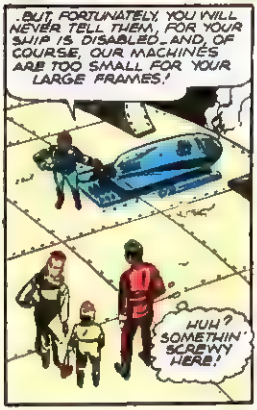
Illustrated by Carrillo


SEE HOW WELL OUR ATTACK IS PROCEEDING. WHEN FLINT BAKER COMES HERE MY PLAN MUST SUCCEED
AS BELOW...
THE TEMPERATURE'S NOW 125 DEGREES. UNLESS THE VENUSIAN SHIP IS DESTROYED SOON OUR WORLD IS DOOMED!
BUT, FLINT, THEIR SUN RAYS HAVE WIPED OUT OUR OWN SHIPS EVERY TIME WE ATTACK! WE'RE HELPLESS.
HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES THE VCEROX

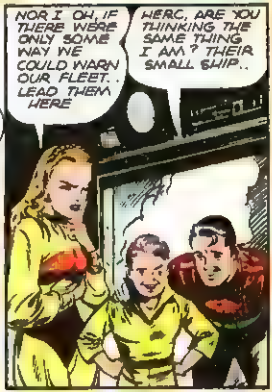
FLINT! THE VENUSIANS CONTACTED US— DEMANDED THAT YOU AND HERCULES COME TO THEM, BUT I FORBID.
NONSENSE, VICEROY IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE TO SAVE EARTH, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT! WHAT SAY, KID?
CUT TH' GAB, AND LET'S ROLL!
HERE, HERE! IF HE'S GOING ALONG, SO AM I AFTER ALL, I AM HIS GUARDIAN
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL, MARY. QUICK, HAVE THE MECHS START THE PROPULSOR PRIMERS
SOON
A BRAVE GROUP, REEF. I HATED TO LET THEM GO IN AN UNARMED SHIP, BUT THE VENUSIANS DEMAND IT!
BOY, WHAT AN OLD CRATE THIS IS. BUT ANY-HOW IT HAS TORPEDO TUBES
YES, BUT THEY'RE NOT LOADED WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A WATER PISTOL ABOARD
ON PLUNGES THE SPACE SHIP UNTIL SUDDENLY
LOOK—FLAME RAYS. ARE THEY ATTACKING US, FLINT?
UNH—UNH, MARY, THAT'S THEIR METHOD OF PREVENTING US FROM RAMMING THEM. LOOK!
JIMMINY! WHAT A LOLLAPALOOZER IT'S TWO MILES WIDE
YES! THEIR SPACE SHIP ITSELF, IS THE MACHINE WHICH IS BURNING UP EARTH
2


AS
AS SOON AS THEIR SHIP LANDS, REMOVE THE SPACE-DRIVE SO THAT IT CANNOT RE-TURN TO EARTH.

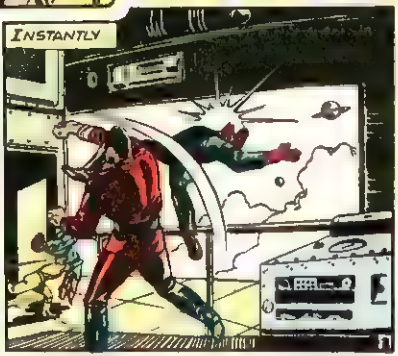

MINUTES LATER
ALL RIGHT, LIZARD FACE, WE FOLLOWED YOUR ORDERS. WHAT'S THE DEAL? IT BETTER BE GOOD, OR
.. OR YOUR MASSED FLEET MIGHT ATTACK? YES, IF IT DID DO THAT, IT COULD DESTROY US, FOR OUR FIRE GUNS COULD NOT STOP THEM!


..BUT FORTUNATELY, YOU WILL NEVER TELL THEM, FOR YOUR SHIP IS DISABLED.. AND, OF COURSE, OUR MACHINES ARE TOO SMALL FOR YOUR LARGE FRAMES!
HUH? SOMETHIN' SCREWY HERE!

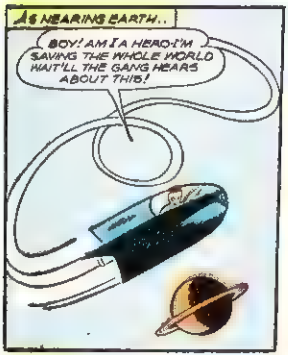
BUT ENOUGH FOR NOW. LATER I WILL SHOW WHY I DESIRED YOU.
G-GOLLY, EVEN I DON'T SAVVY WHY THEY WANT US!

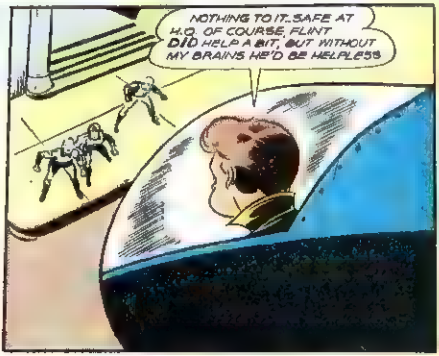

NOR I OH, IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD WARN OUR FLEET.. LEAD THEM HERE
WERC, ARE YOU THINKING THE SAME THING I AM? THEIR SMALL SHIP..

GOOD CLICKING ON THE BRAIN CELLS, FLINT! WE
LISTEN, SMALL FRY, GET DOWN TO EARTH AND LET'S MUZZLE THOSE WATCH-DOGS!

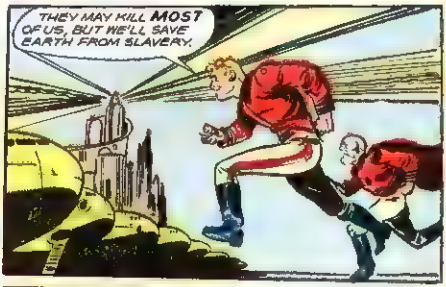

INSTANTLY

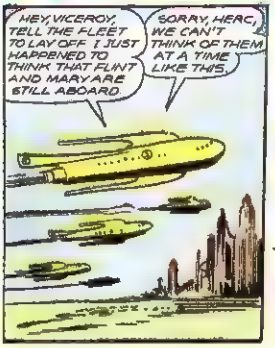
GOT 'IM, FLINT!
GOOD WORK. NOW HOP INTO THIS SPACE BUGGY
.. AND HEAD FOR EARTH WITH TOTAL VORTEX POWER. GATHER ALL THE SPACE RANGERS AND LEAD 'EM HERE POST HASTE!
CHECK! YOU CAN DEPEND ON HERCULES!
SECONDS LATER...
HE'S OFF! OH-OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE. HOLD 'EM OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, MARY!
CRAWL BACK INTO YOUR HOLES, YOU BUZZARDS!
THEY'VE GOT US... BUT WE'VE WON - WE'VE WON!
YES, THE KID GOT AWAY. HE'LL BE BACK WITH THE FLEET TO MAKE LIZARD SOUP OUTA YOU FOR EVEN YOU ADMITTED YOUR FLAME GUNS ARE USELESS
NOT QUITE, MY FRIEND. YOU SEE, I BROUGHT YOU AND THE CHILD-BOY HERE, KNOWING FULL WELL HE WOULD TRY TO ESCAPE IN THE SMALL SLIP
I LET HIM ESCAPE. FOR HE WILL LEAD YOUR MASSED FLEET HERE, AND OUR FLAME GUNS CONTAIN ONE CHARGE, SUFFICIENT TO DESTROY THEM ALL!

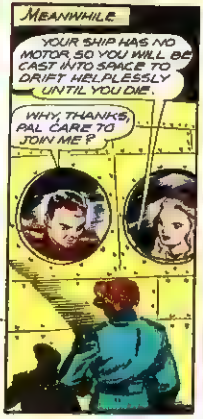

AS NEARING EARTH..
BOY! AM I A HERO! I'M SAVING THE WHOLE WORLD WAIT'LL THE GANG HEARS ABOUT THIS!


NOTHING TO IT. SAFE AT H.Q. OF COURSE, FLINT DID HELP A BIT, BUT WITHOUT MY BRAINS HE'D BE HELPLESS

SOON.
HE SAID THEIR FLAME-GUNS WERE EXHAUSTED AND THAT A MASS ATTACK WOULD DESTROY THEM
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE. SOUND THE ALARM! MAN YOUR SHIPS!

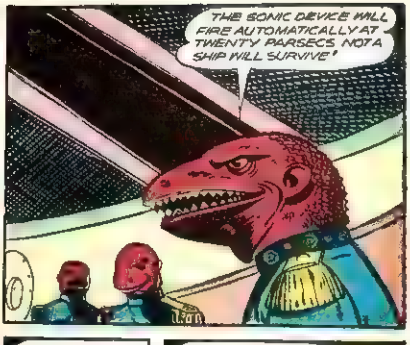

THEY MAY KILL MOST OF US, BUT WE'LL SAVE EARTH FROM SLAVERY.

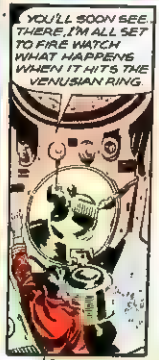

HEY, VICEROY, TELL THE FLEET TO LAY OFF. I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK THAT FLINT AND MARY ARE STILL ABOARD.
SORRY, HERC, WE CAN'T THINK OF THEM AT A TIME LIKE THIS.

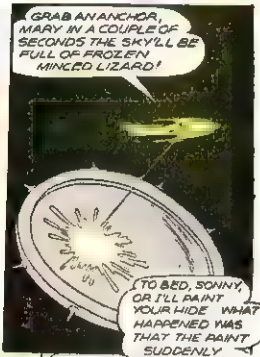

MEANWHILE
YOUR SHIP HAS NO MOTOR, SO YOU WILL BE CAST INTO SPACE TO DRIFT HELPLESSLY UNTIL YOU DIE.
WHY, THANKS, PAL. CARE TO JOIN ME?

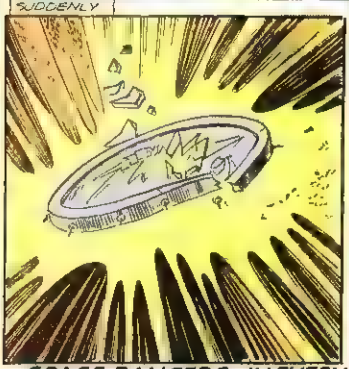
FOOL, DOPE, SAP, THAT'S WHAT I AM! IT WAS MY IDEA TO THINK THAT HERC COULD ESCAPE.... AND BECAUSE OF THAT STUPID BLUNDER HE'LL LEAD THE FLEET TO CERTAIN DESTRUCTION.

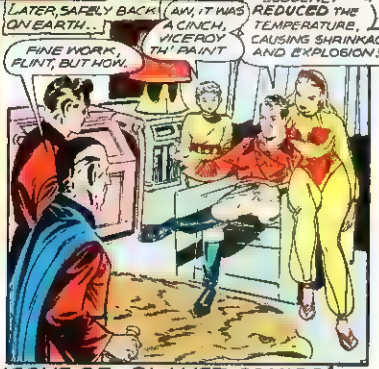
MINUTES LATER, ABOARD THE MAGNO-RING
AH! THE TELEVIN SCREEN SHOWS THE EARTH FLEET IS BUT FORTY PARSECS AWAY PUT THE LAST ELECTRONIC CHARGE IN THE FLAME-RAYS










LATER, SAFELY BACK ON EARTH..
FINE WORK, FLINT, BUT HOW.
AW, IT WAS A CINCH, VICEROY TH' PAINT
TO BED, SONNY, OR I'LL PAINT YOUR HIDE WHAT HAPPENED WAS THAT THE PAINT SUDDENLY REDUCED THE TEMPERATURE, CAUSING SHRINKAGE AND EXPLOSION!

SPACE RANGERS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

2400 A. D.

by Thornecliffe Herrick

LOOKING back now on the whole affair I see that I never had much of a chance to make a success of my formula. Not that the product wasn't good enough, that's just the trouble; it was too good. Too many interplanetary cartels stood to lose heavily if my product ever came on the market.

During the recent galactic war, I had been a research chemist for the science division of the United Nation Council. Most of my work had been on plastic-synthesis of the new Martian plants. I didn't win the war, you understand, but I did my share like every one else on Earth. When Neptune capitulated I decided to take a trip out there and get a good look at the people we had been fighting before I settled down to work.

I had a pleasant enough trip out there on one of the new luxury cruisers. Drinking a little too much maybe, but so was everybody else. When we landed at the spaceport I went directly to a hotel and by next morning I was already becoming accustomed to the sullen blue-skinned inhabitants and their flute-like conversation.

During the next few days I spent a lot of time over at the Zoological laboratory, studying their equipment and playing around with some of the strange ingredients that made up their stock. Gradually I became familiar with their plant life and one day just for fun I synthesized an innocuous little substance that grows wild in profusion all over Neptune. They call it something that sounds like a hot lick on a trumpet but after I found out what it would do I called it Ergon.

I won't bore you with all the details of the work I did on that stuff, but one day doing a centrifuge extract, I discovered that it gave off a highly volatile gas. I gave a dose of the stuff to some of the lab animals and sat back to observe the results. It didn't seem to have any toxic effect aside from making them a little more lively than usual. During the next few hours I made every test I could think of on the stuff without finding any dangerous reactions, so late that night I stifled a yawn and took a whiff of the gas myself. Well, naturally I was pretty tired that evening before I tried that vapor but I sure wish I had been more tired because that was the last time I slept for nearly a week. Don't get me wrong. It wasn't because I was working too hard or anything like that. I simply couldn't go to sleep and what's more I didn't need to. I just wasn't tired. I went back to the hotel and watched a couple of televideo soap operas as I lay in bed but I felt less and less tired as the night wore on. To make a long story short I went back to the laboratory and started making some tests on this stuff and pretty nearly collapsed when I discovered that this gas was a perfect antidote for sleep. As a matter of fact it was better than that. All you had to do was take a whiff of it and it did your sleeping for you. No harmful effects on the nervous system either.

I spent a few more days making supplementary tests on the plants and gathering a large supply of the gas in a couple of impervium cylinders. Then my time was up and I had to shove off for good old earth.

As soon as I got back I set up a corporation to manufacture the gas and tried to get a patent. That part wasn't difficult, but there was a leak somewhere and the newspapers got hold of the information and spread it all over page one. I was interviewed on all the big telecasts and generally made much of but I refused to tell anybody how I made it, although I did sell small amounts to insomnia victims and overworked politicians.

Two days after my invention had been made public I was called before the World Council itself and urged to give it up completely as it would mean a complicated upset

in the life and economy of the Planetary system. They said that hotel owners would be wiped out along with most other real estate owners. People would crowd the streets day and night and the police department, already overworked, would be unable to cope with the night time crime wave. Manufacturers of beds would lose all their business over night and bedroom furniture would suffer almost as badly. The antiquated Airliné Pullman companies would get their death blow and blanket manufacturers would have to start making overcoats.

Most of these companies had sent in protests to the world government and in all fairness I couldn't deny that they had a strong case. On the other hand the great Atomic light and power companies thought it was certain to boom their business and several of the space lines had applied for permission to use this invention to cut down fatigue among the crews aboard their great ships. Some of the world's greatest entertainers thought it would result in a boom in their field and they were probably right. Night club and theatre owners as well as the televideo interests were anxious to see my product marketed in as great a quantity as possible. Last but not least the ordinary people without any axe to grind were anxious to sample this drug that would give them unheard of leisure.

As I sat and listened to the bitter arguments between the various delegates to the World Council I realized for the first time the magnitude of my invention. In my hands I held the power to change the life of the entire galaxy. I began to see that it would be catastrophic to spring it on an unprepared world, and apparently a lot of other people felt the same way. We didn't arrive at any decisions in the first couple of meetings but it was decided that I should have two bodyguards assigned to me. All my supplies of the gas were to be held in safe keeping in the huge ancient vaults at Fort Knox.

I spent a lot of time weighing the pros and cons of the situation but I couldn't seem to reach any definite conclusion. Naturally I realized that if I did market my invention I would become one of the richest men in the world. On the other hand I was bound to make a lot of enemies and perhaps ruin innocent people who had made investments in businesses my product would wipe out. That was the way the situation stood when Colonel Blake came to see me in my suite at the Palace Hotel.

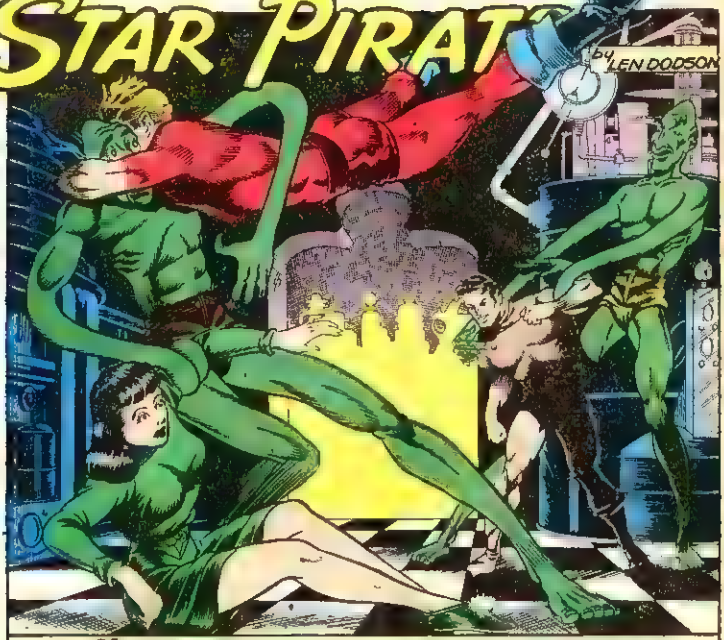
He was obviously a man of great importance otherwise he would never have been able to get by my bodyguards in the hotel. Any number of cranks had threatened my life and even more had attempted to steal my product for their own uses. The bodyguards had been very useful. Blake stalked into my room and told me without preamble that the World Military Council was interested in my invention and had decided to buy my patent. Naturally I told him that I didn't want to sell it but that didn't seem to faze him a bit. He said that the invention was too advanced for the 24th century and could easily throw the world into chaos. He suggested, not too subtly, that I give them the rights of my own free will—or in the long run I would never be allowed to sell it at all. He appealed to my patriotic sense as a citizen of the Allied Worlds and I couldn't help but feel that he was right. He said that my invention would not be used unless the worlds had to go to war again. In which case our soldiers would be issued this drug and each combatant would be capable of twenty-four hour service. In the meantime the World Council would look into the matter and struggle to prepare the world for the use of this powerful new drug.

Perhaps fifty years from now when the Worlds are ready for it and I am too old to have much use for the money, my invention may become commonly used. Until that time I and all the rest of us will have to go back to the age old habit of sleeping

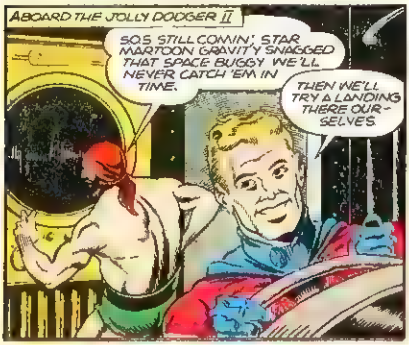
Yes, I did give the Army my invention and they in turn paid me very handsomely. I now have one of the best laboratories on Earth and several of my colleagues who work there have made some remarkable advances in their scientific studies. I'm perfectly satisfied with my life but I can't help thinking occasionally of what the worlds would have been like if my invention had been allowed on the open market.

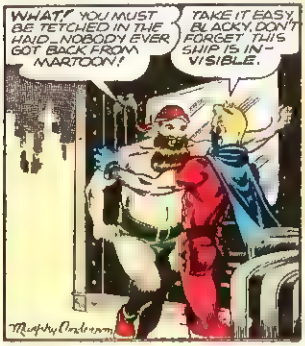
STAR PIRATE

by LEN DODSON



HORRID, WRITHING, CLUTCHING---- THE PLASMOIDS REIGN ON DREAD MARTOON, MIST-SHROUDED PLANET OF TERROR. INTO THIS MAELSTROM OF MURDER AND TREACHERY PLUNGED STAR PIRATE, SEEKING TO HALT THEIR MARCH OF CONQUEST.. GAMBLING HIS LIFE HE COULD.

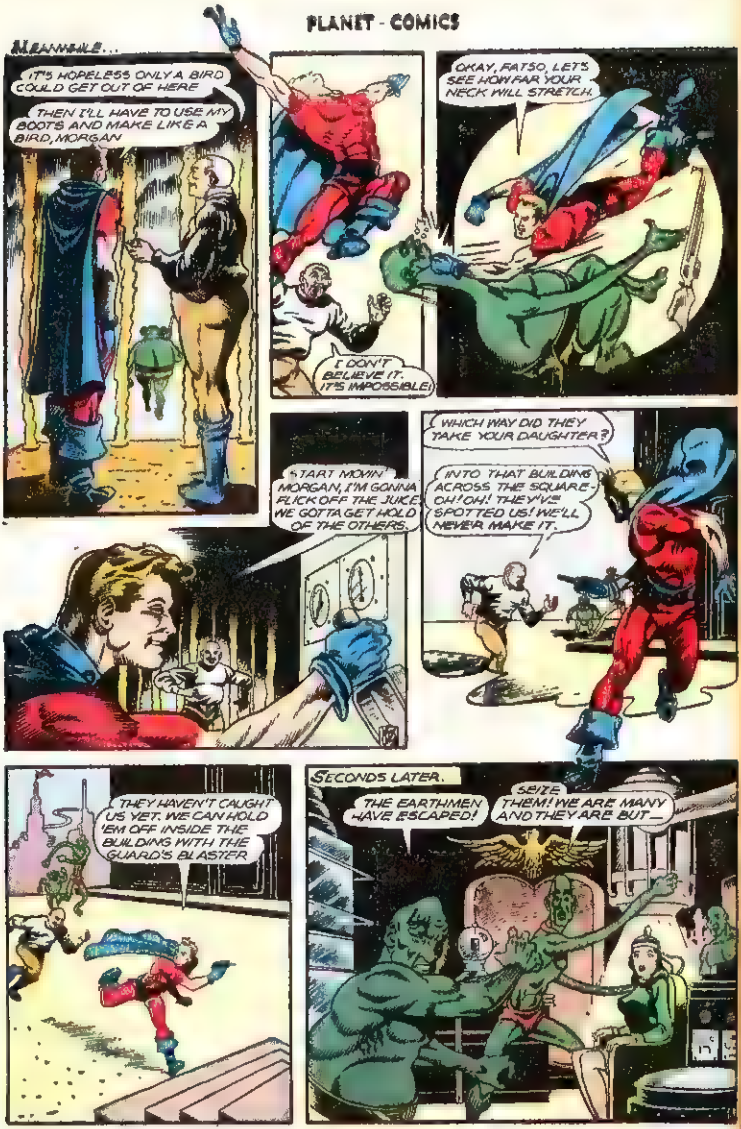

ABOARD THE JOLLY DODGER II
SOS STILL COMIN' STAR MARTOON GRAVITY SNAGGED THAT SPACE BUGGY WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM IN TIME.
THEN WE'LL TRY A LANDING THERE OURSELVES


WHAT! YOU MUST BE TETCHED IN THE HAID. NOBODY EVER GOT BACK FROM MARTOON!
TAKE IT EASY, BLACKY. DON'T FORGET THIS SHIP IS IN-VISIBLE.
Mighty Anderson

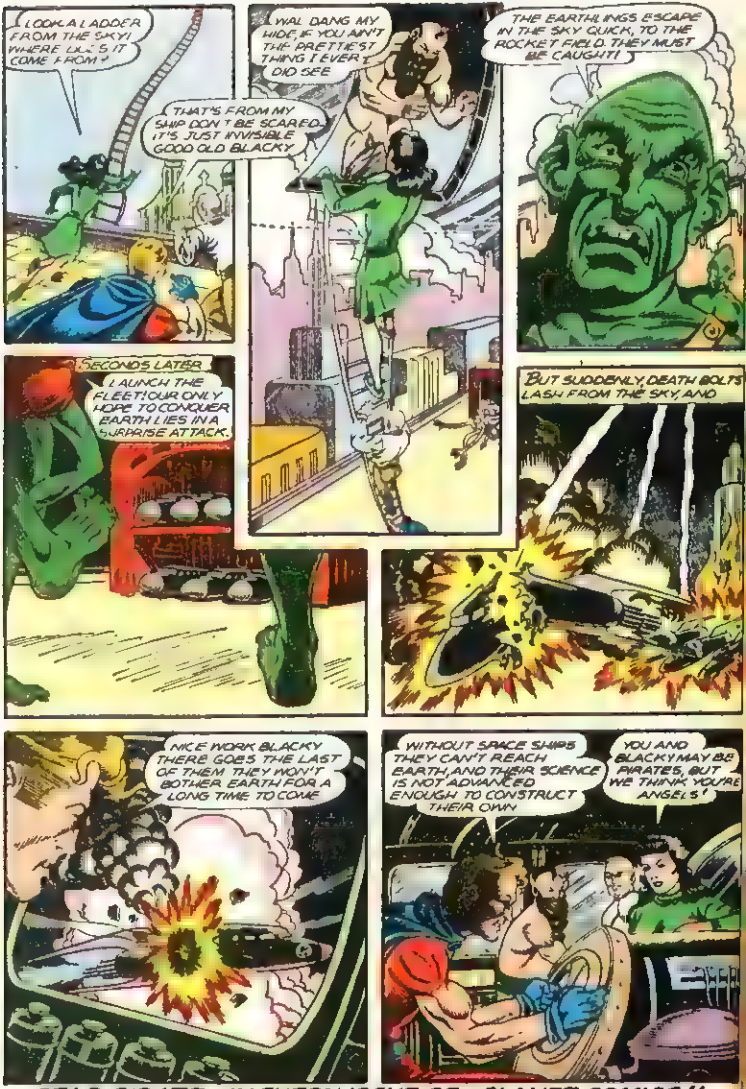
AS AHEAD .
CAPTAIN TO JET CONTROL . DEACTIVATE THE REAR JETS . FIRE THE FORWARD BANK . . STAND BY FOR CRASH LANDING
HEAR THAT ? THEY STILL HAVE SOME CONTROL LEFT I'M GONNA FOLLOW HER IN, BLACKY .
HOW D'YA KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA HIT A MOUNTAIN OR SOMETHING?
I DON'T. TAKE A LOOK OUT THE SPACE-PORT — WE'RE BREAKING THROUGH THE MIST NOW
BY THE NINE MOONS OF MARS! STAR, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.!
STUPID EARTHLINGS! I WARN YOU, DO NOT TOUCH THE RAY BEAMS OR THEY WILL KILL YOU BESIDES, WE NEED YOUR BODIES
BELOW..
AH ! MORE SPECIMENS FOR THE MACHINE TAKE THEM TO THE REPULSO-RAY PRISON
BUT WE'VE DONE NOTHING. WHY ARE WE BEING JAILED?
SILENCE, WOMAN ! GET IN WITH THE OTHERS !
2

MEANWHILE...
YOU STICK HERE BLACKY. I'M GONNA TAKE A GANDER AT THIS WACKY CITY.
THIS ROCKO-CHUTE OF MINE SURE IS A HANDY GADGET
SHADES OF VENUSPORT! LOOK AT THOSE SLICK SHIPS THEY'VE GOT A WHOLE DARN FLEET HERE!
WELL, I'LL BE A MARTIAN HOP-TOAD--THERE'S THE BUNCH FROM THE WRECKED SHIP AND NOT A GUARD IN SIGHT.
WHOA! I SPOKE TOO SOON. HERE COMES ONE NOW AND HE LOOKS AS MEAN AS AN OCTOPUS
SINK ME! THESE GUYS CAN STRETCH LIKE A RUBBER BAND!
BUT...
YOW! TOO LATE--HE NABBED ME! CAN'T EVEN GET MY ARMS FREE.

FOOL! STOP STRUGGLING OR DIE.
MY KIDS CAN'T BREATHE!
SOON
LOOK, SARGE! RULER WITH THIS STRANGE THING HE FLEW HIMSELF
HM! SO THERE'S HIM IN JAIL WITH THE OTHERS. IF HE LIVES I WILL QUESTION HIM
LATER
THE GREAT RULER NEEDS INFORMATION, AND YOU WILL SUPPLY IT
DO NOT THINK TO LIE, FOR THE BRAIN MACHINE REWARDS FALSEHOOD WITH DEATH
OH YEAH? NORODYL'LL MAKE ME TALK
YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD, BUT YOU WILL BE MORE SENSIBLE. I THINK. I MUST KNOW WHAT DEFENSES THE EARTH HAS. TELL ME THE TRUTH OR YOU WILL DIE
NO! NO, I WILL NOT TALK! OHH! MY HEAD...I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T..


MEANWHILE...
IT'S HOPELESS ONLY A BIRD COULD GET OUT OF HERE
THEN I'LL HAVE TO USE MY BOOTS AND MAKE LIKE A BIRD, MORGAN
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
OKAY, FATSO, LET'S SEE HOW FAR YOUR NECK WILL STRETCH.
START MOVIN' MORGAN, I'M GONNA FUCK OFF THE JUKE. WE GOTTA GET HOLD OF THE OTHERS.
WHICH WAY DID THEY TAKE YOUR DAUGHTER?
INTO THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE SQUARE - OH! OH! THEY'VE SPOTTED US! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.
THEY HAVEN'T CAUGHT US YET. WE CAN HOLD 'EM OFF INSIDE THE BUILDING WITH THE GUARD'S BLASTER
SECONDS LATER.
THE EARTHMEN HAVE ESCAPED!
SEIZE THEM! WE ARE MANY AND THEY ARE BUT...

NOT SO FAST, YOU ANIMATED RUBBER BALL!
CUT YOUR DAUGHTER LOOSE, MORGAN, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE STOOGES
IT'S HORRIBLE, DADDY, THEY'RE PLANNING TO INVADE EARTH WITH ALL THE SHIPS THAT HAVE BEEN WRECKED HERE.
BUT SUDDENLY
MORE OF 'EM COMING. QUICK-UP THE STAIRS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE— I'LL COVER YOU
THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW WOULD BE A WELCOME SIGHT RIGHT NOW
OH! OH! THE BLASTER IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED.
I CAN'T USE THE DISGUN ANY MORE, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IT HERE— CATCH!
IT'S NO USE, STAR WE'RE TRAPPED!

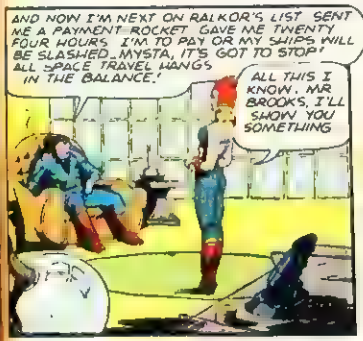

I LOOK A LADDER FROM THE SKY! WHERE IN'S IT COME FROM?
THAT'S FROM MY SHIP DON'T BE SCARED. IT'S JUST INVISIBLE GOOD OLD BLACKY
WAL DANG MY HIDE IF YOU AIN'T THE PRETTIEST THING I EVER DID SEE
THE EARTHLINGS ESCAPE IN THE SKY QUICK, TO THE ROCKET FIELD. THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!
SECONDS LATER
I LAUNCH THE FLEET! OUR ONLY HOPE TO CONQUER EARTH LIES IN A SURPRISE ATTACK.
BUT SUDDENLY, DEATH BOLTS LASH FROM THE SKY, AND
NICE WORK BLACKY THERE GOES THE LAST OF THEM. THEY WON'T BOTHER EARTH FOR A LONG TIME TO COME
WITHOUT SPACE SHIPS THEY CAN'T REACH EARTH, AND THEIR SCIENCE IS NOT ADVANCED ENOUGH TO CONSTRUCT THEIR OWN
YOU AND BLACKY MAY BE PIRATES, BUT WE THINK YOU'RE ANGELS!

STAR PIRATE IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!!

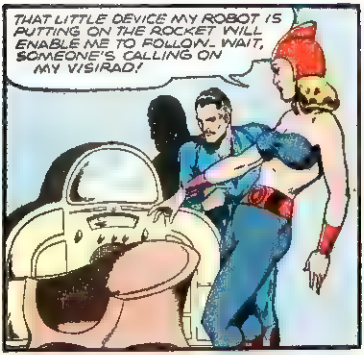
MYSTA OF THE MOON

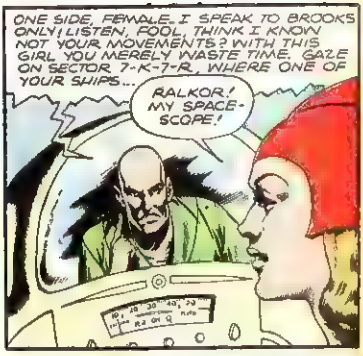
By ROSS GALLUN

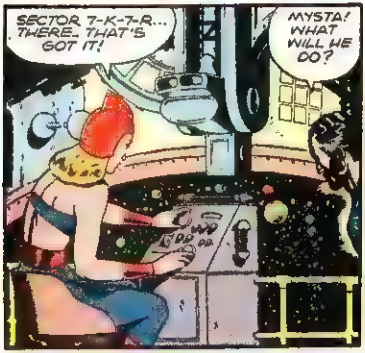
WHAT NEW TERROR IS THIS THAT DAWNS REDLY OVER THE SPACE LANES? WHY CANNOT THE SPACE PATROL FATHOM THE CHILL SECRET OF ITS DEATH THREAT? AND WHY DOES ONE MAN-BROKEN, WEARY-COME TO A MERE GIRL FOR HELP?

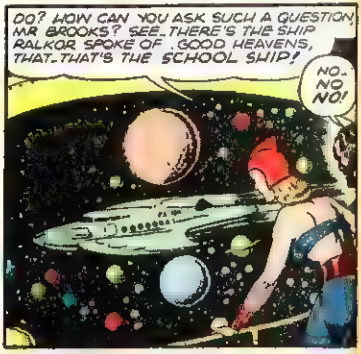

AND NOW I'M NEXT ON RALKOR'S LIST! SENT ME A PAYMENT-ROCKET GAVE ME TWENTY FOUR HOURS. I'M TO PAY OR MY SHIPS WILL BE SLASHED. MYSTA, IT'S GOT TO STOP! ALL SPACE TRAVEL HANGS IN THE BALANCE!
ALL THIS I KNOW, MR BROOKS. I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING

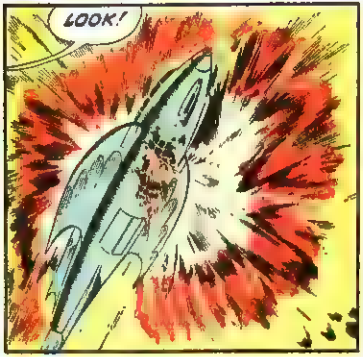
GOOD THING YOU BROUGHT RALKOR'S PAYMENT-ROCKET ALONG IT'S THE ONE FLAW IN HIS OTHERWISE PERFECT PLAN- AND IT WILL BE HIS UN-DOING!
BUT-BUT HOW? WHAT'S YOUR ROBOT DOING TO IT? RALKOR WON'T LIKE ANY-THING HAPPENING TO IT, YOU KNOW!


THAT LITTLE DEVICE MY ROBOT IS PUTTING ON THE ROCKET WILL ENABLE ME TO FOLLOW. WAIT, SOMEONE'S CALLING ON MY VISIRAD!


ONE SIDE, FEMALE. I SPEAK TO BROOKS ONLY! LISTEN, FOOL, THINK I KNOW NOT YOUR MOVEMENTS? WITH THIS GIRL YOU MERELY WASTE TIME. GAZE ON SECTOR 7-K-7-R, WHERE ONE OF YOUR SHIPS...
RALKOR! MY SPACE-SCOPE!

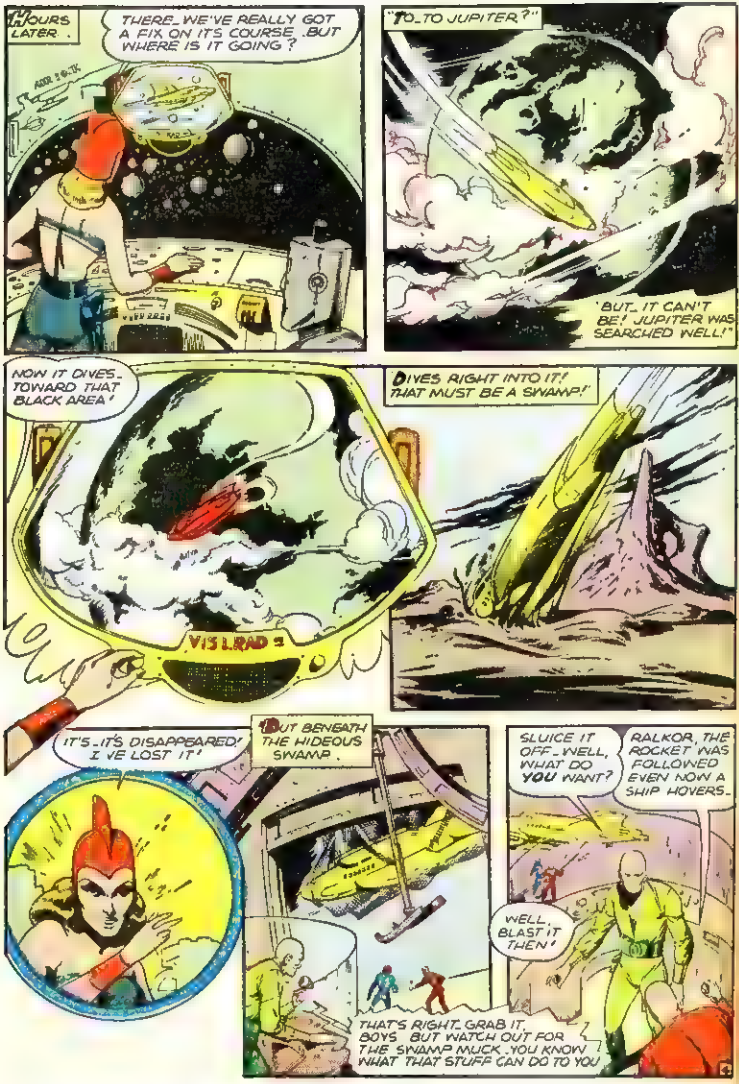

SECTOR 7-K-7-R... THERE. THAT'S GOT IT!
MYSTA! WHAT WILL HE DO?

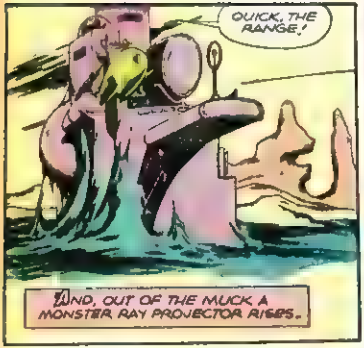

DO? HOW CAN YOU ASK SUCH A QUESTION, MR BROOKS? SEE. THERE'S THE SHIP RALKOR SPOKE OF. GOOD HEAVENS, THAT. THAT'S THE SCHOOL SHIP!
NO. NO NO!

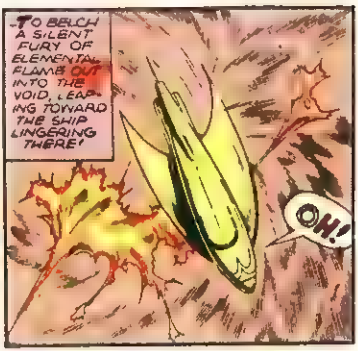

LOOK!

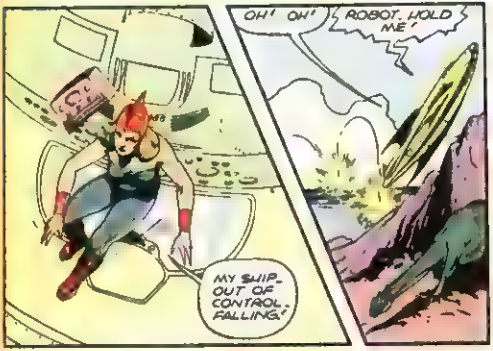
...YOU ASKED... WHAT.. RALKOR WOULD.. DO?
TURN IT OFF, MYSTA! TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF!

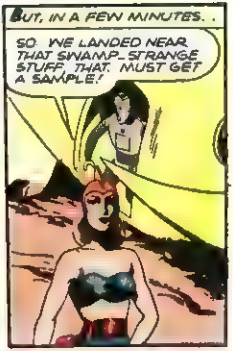
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BROOKS- TURN YOUR STOMACH?
CHILDREN! RALKOR, YOU EVIL SWINE! YOU- YOU- I WON'T PAY A CENT!
YES, YOU WILL, MR BROOKS!
MYSTA! ARE YOU MAD? THE MORE WE PAY THAT- THAT CUR, THE MORE HE ROBS- AND KILLS!
MR BROOKS! I SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT RALKOR HAS MADE HIS LAST KILL!
ROBOT! ROBOT! PREPARE THE RANSOM-ROCKET -AT ONCE!
GOOD! AND NOW- MY SHIP!
INSIDE, ROBOT!
FIRST, I SEND OFF THE PAYMENT- ROCKET. .SO!
I TRIED MY BEST TO DISSUADE HER. BUT- I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHE'S UP TO! THERE GOES THE ROCKET!
AND MYSTA- AFTER IT! THAT GIRL IS GOING TO HER DEATH!


HOURS LATER.
THERE_WE'VE REALLY GOT A FIX ON IT'S COURSE_BUT WHERE IS IT GOING?
"TO_TO JUPITER?"
"BUT_IT CAN'T BE! JUPITER WAS SEARCHED WELL!"
NOW IT DIVES_TOWARD THAT BLACK AREA!
VISIRAD
DIVES RIGHT INTO IT! THAT MUST BE A SWAMP!
IT'S_IT'S DISAPPEARED! I'VE LOST IT!
BUT BENEATH THE HIDEOUS SWAMP.
SLUICE IT OFF_WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
RALKOR, THE ROCKET WAS FOLLOWED EVEN NOW A SHIP HOVERS_
WELL, BLAST IT THEN!
THAT'S RIGHT_GRAB IT, BOYS BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE SWAMP MUCK_YOU KNOW WHAT THAT STUFF CAN DO TO YOU!


QUICK, THE RANGE!
AND, OUT OF THE MUCK A MONSTER RAY PROJECTOR RISES.

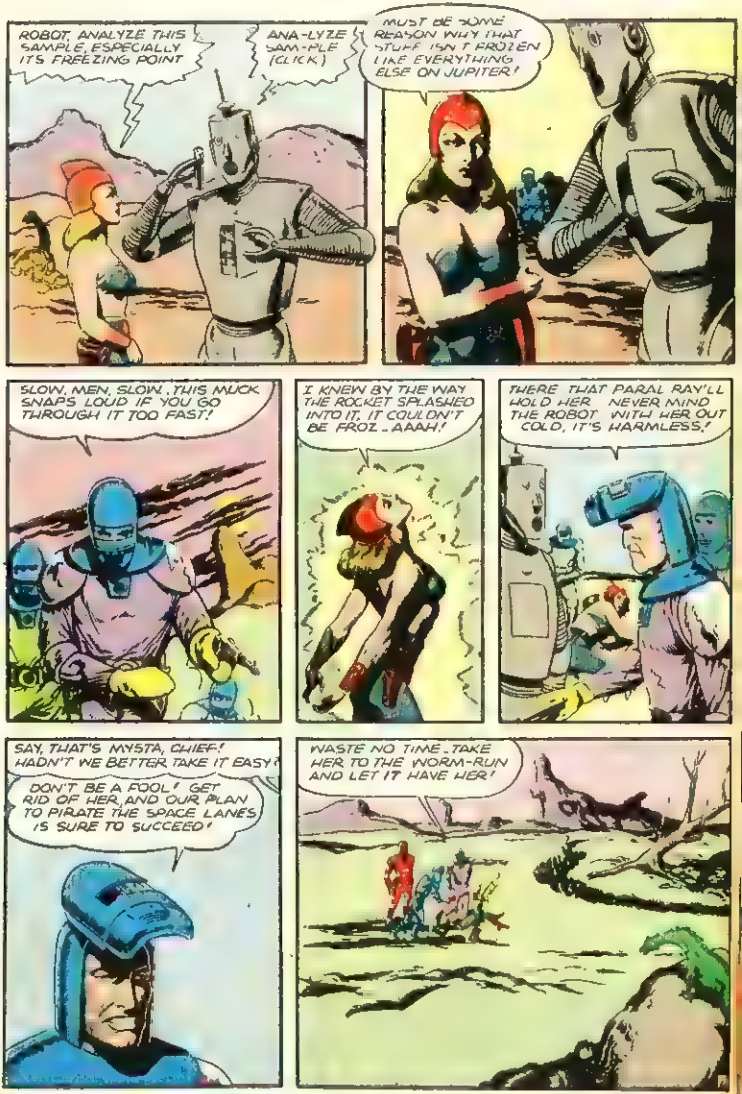

TO BELCH A SILENT FURY OF ELEMENTAL FLAME OUT INTO THE VOID, LEAPING TOWARD THE SHIP LINGERING THERE!
OH!

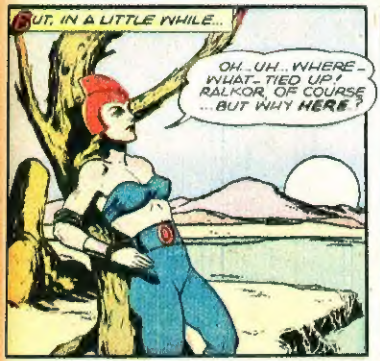

OH! OH!
ROBOT. HOLD ME!
MY SHIP OUT OF CONTROL. FALLING!


BUT, IN A FEW MINUTES..
SO WE LANDED NEAR THAT SWAMP. STRANGE STUFF THAT. MUST GET A SAMPLE!

HO-HO. I'M NOT AFTER YOU, LITTLE TOAD. I ONLY WANT A HANDFUL. WHAT'S THAT!

A MAMMOTH TORTOISE! BUT, IT'S BLIND. DOESN'T SEE ME. I NEEDN'T DISTURB IT!
ROBOT!


ROBOT, ANALYZE THIS SAMPLE, ESPECIALLY ITS FREEZING POINT
ANA-LYZE SAM-PLE (CLICK)
MUST BE SOME REASON WHY THAT STUFF ISN'T FROZEN LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE ON JUPITER!
SLOW, MEN, SLOW. THIS MUCK SNAPS LOUD IF YOU GO THROUGH IT TOO FAST!
I KNEW BY THE WAY THE ROCKET SPLASHED INTO IT, IT COULDN'T BE FROZ..AAAH!
THERE THAT PARAL RAY'LL HOLD HER NEVER MIND THE ROBOT WITH HER OUT COLD, IT'S HARMLESS!
SAY, THAT'S MYSTA, CHIEF! HADN'T WE BETTER TAKE IT EASY?
DON'T BE A FOOL! GET RID OF HER, AND OUR PLAN TO PIRATE THE SPACE LANES IS SURE TO SUCCEED!
WASTE NO TIME..TAKE HER TO THE WORM-RUN AND LET IT HAVE HER!

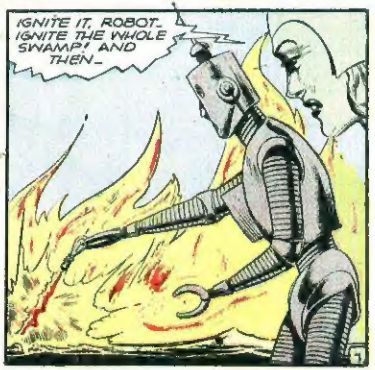

BUT, IN A LITTLE WHILE...
OH...UH.. WHERE - WHAT - TIED UP! RALKOR, OF COURSE ...BUT WHY HERE?

AND THEN, SLITHERING ALONG ITS ANCIENT TRACK...
THE WORM! THE TERRIBLE WORM OF JUPITER!

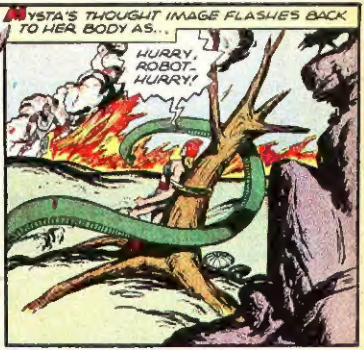
UGH! ROBOT. MUST FIND ROBOT... MY THOUGHT IMAGE - THAT'S IT!

AND.
THERE YOU ARE - WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
SAM-PLE COM-MON RES-IN WITH RA-DID-ACTIVE.

ENOUGH, ROBOT... RESIN, EH? THAT GIVES ME A PLAN!

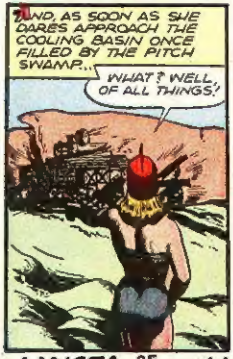

IGNITE IT, ROBOT. IGNITE THE WHOLE SWAMP! AND THEN -

COME RESCUE ME! SUPERHEAT YOURSELF, ROBOT!


MYSTA'S THOUGHT IMAGE FLASHES BACK TO HER BODY AS...
HURRY, ROBOT- HURRY!

THE ROBOT FREES HER AND THEN—
SORRY, WORM, MY ROBOT'S SUPERHEAT IS DESTROYING YOU, BUT I AM NOT FOR YOU!

I WAS RIGHT! THE WHOLE SWAMP HAS BECOME A LAKE OF FIRE!


AND, AS SOON AS SHE DARES APPROACH THE COOLING BASIN ONCE FILLED BY THE PITCH SWAMP...
WHAT? WELL, OF ALL THINGS!

RALKOR'S HQ. -UNDER THE SWAMP- BUT WIPED OUT NOW!

A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.. BUT RALKOR DESERVED IT! ONCE AGAIN THE SPACE LANES ARE FREE!

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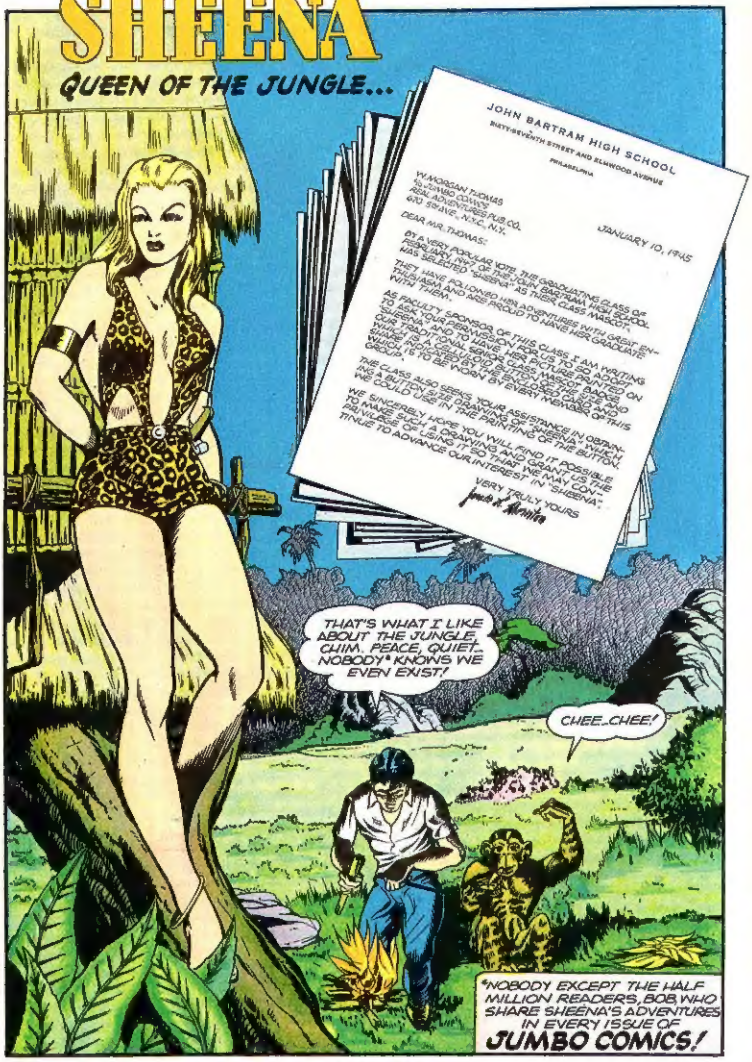
SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE...
JOHN BARTRAM HIGH SCHOOL
SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET AND ELMWOOD AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA
W. MORGAN THOMAS
FLAMBO COMICS PUB. CO.
REAL ADVENTURES PUB. CO.
AND SHAVE, N.Y.C., N.Y.
JANUARY 10, 1945
DEAR MR. THOMAS:
BY A VERY POPULAR VOTE, THE GRADUATING CLASS OF JOHN BARTRAM HIGH SCHOOL HAS SELECTED SHEENA AS THEIR CLASS MASCOT.
THEY HAVE FOLLOWED HER ADVENTURES WITH GREAT ENTHUSIASM AND ARE PROUD TO HAVE HER GRADUATE WITH THEM.
AS FACULTY SPONSOR OF THIS CLASS I AM WRITING TO ASK YOUR PERMISSION TO USE SHEENA AS MASCOT FOR OUR GRADUATING CLASS. WE PICK TO BE INVITED ON THE PROGRAM, A SMALL SCALE DUPLICATE OF THE BADGE AND WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT BY EVERY MEMBER OF THE CLASS.
THE CLASS ALSO SEEKS YOUR ASSISTANCE IN OBTAINING A PHOTOGRAPH OF SHEENA FOR USE IN THE PRINTING OF THE BUTTON. WE SHOULD LIKE IN THE PRINTING OF THIS
WE SINCERELY HOPE YOU WILL FIND IT POSSIBLE TO MAKE SUCH A DRAWING AND GRANT THE REQUESTS AS IT WOULD BE A GREAT HONOR FOR THE CLASS AND WE MAY CONTINUE TO ADVANCE OUR INTEREST IN "SHEENA".
VERY TRULY YOURS
Jack A. Martin
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE JUNGLE, CHIM. PEACE, QUIET... NOBODY* KNOWS WE EVEN EXIST!
CHEE...CHEE!
*NOBODY EXCEPT THE HALF MILLION READERS, BOB, WHO SHARE SHEENA'S ADVENTURES IN EVERY ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS!